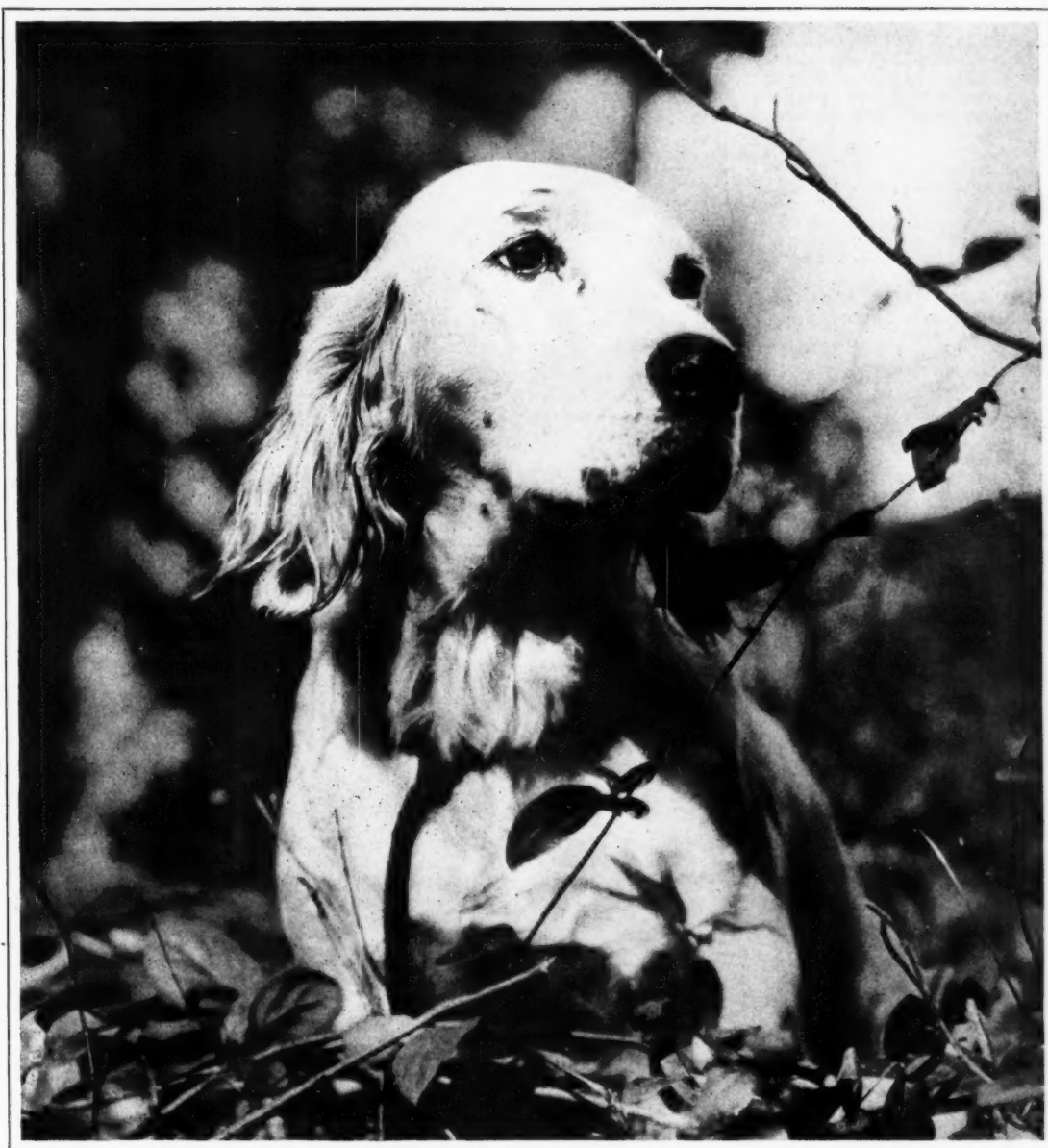


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

MARCH 18



Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

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In this Issue • STORIES by Samuel Merwin, Mary Austin,
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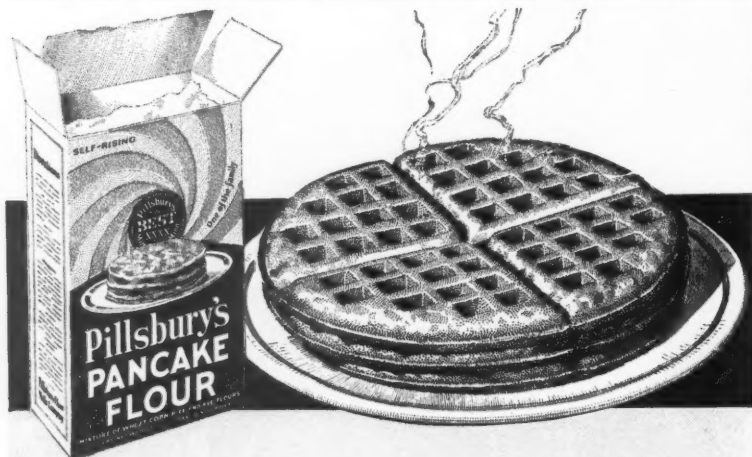
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

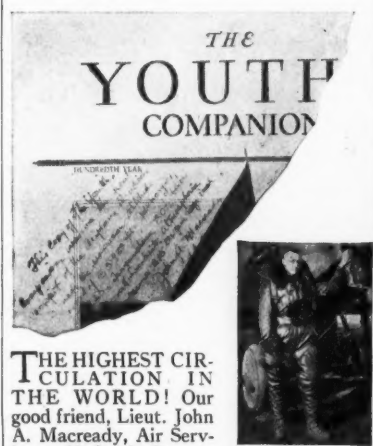
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Things We Talk About



THE HIGHEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD! Our good friend, Lieut. John A. Macready, Air Service, United States Army, has been breaking records again. On January 29 last he broke the American altitude record, soaring to 35,900 feet above Dayton, Ohio. This is more than four miles higher than Pike's Peak, more than five miles higher than Mount Washington. In fact, it is more than a mile higher than the crest of Mount Everest, which has never been reached by man. Lieutenant Macready put a copy of our January 28th number into the cockpit of his airplane before starting on this supreme test of his motor, his airplane and his own ability to bear bitter cold and extreme physical and nervous strain. So The Youth's Companion has been carried higher than any other magazine. One copy of it, if you care to make a little joke, has had the highest circulation in the world! On the cover of this historic copy Lieutenant Macready has written the note reproduced above. It reads:

This copy of The Youth's Companion was in the front cockpit of the airplane in which I made the American altitude record of 35,900 ft., January 29, 1926. Temperature, 80° below zero Fahrenheit. Atmospheric pressure, 2.5 lbs. per sq. inch.

JOHN A. MACREADY

Let us add that Lieutenant Macready was a distinguished athlete before he became an aviator during the World War. He is a Californian and is among those famous Americans who received The Youth's Companion in boyhood as an annual Christmas present. Members of The Companion family may expect to hear from him soon again.

MR. J. D. SWEENEY, treasurer of the Northern California Teachers' Association, writes from Red Bluff, Calif.: "Congratulations upon entering your Centennial Year. For a strictly youths' paper to have lived a hundred years is proof that a paper which appeals to the highest ideals and never wavers in its policy along these lines can prosper and live. When I was a small lad, a chum and I took it in partnership. Later I took it personally; then when I married I continued the subscription for my family, and we have had it continuously for practically half its life. Long life to you! Keep up your present high ideals, and another century will find you still going strong."

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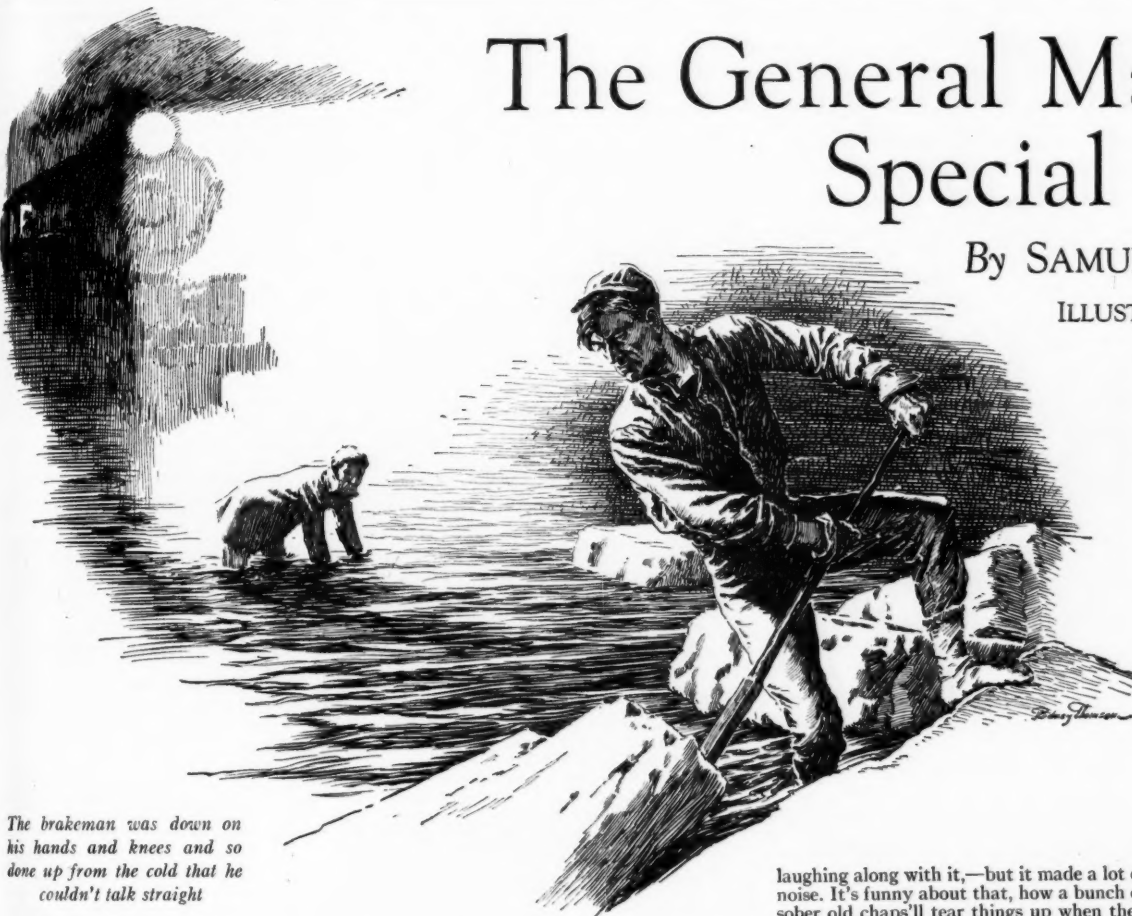
VOLUME 100

NUMBER 11

The General Manager's Special

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON



The brakeman was down on his hands and knees and so done up from the cold that he couldn't talk straight

EVERYBODY'D known for years that there was coal out in the west part of the state. There were even a few mines there, but I guess they'd never been pushed to amount to anything. And anyhow we only got a little of their carrying; it mostly went by the "Two I's." Our old General Manager, Mr. Jordan, couldn't have been much of a hustler,—maybe that's why he resigned,—for, from what the boys that had worked for other lines told me, I don't believe we were really up to date. But that was before Mr. Dennison took hold of the road and began putting blood into it. And say, it was almost worth working over time now and then to see the snappy way he had of getting things done.

One of the first things he did was to go after that coal land. You see, the land along with the coal-carrying privileges was worth a lot to the line,—it's a wonder none of the guys up there at the Chicago office had thought of it before,—and Mr. Dennison had just the nerve to put some capital into it and open it up. The first thing we knew about it (for of course I learned most of this afterward) was when long trains of extra freight began coming through, with timber for crossties and trestles, sand and slag for ballast, lumber, stone, bridge truss-work—and we sleeping with our clothes on and one ear open for special orders (I was firing for Joe Leslie that year, on the river division). And then there were the big gangs of laborers, jabbering Italians and Greeks, that had to be watched like sheep and locked up in the cars when we were passing through the towns. All this happened along toward the end of March, just as the snow was melting off, and the spring rains coming down, and the river, where we crossed it, at Hartley, was rising every day and piling up a sort of ice-jam against the bridge.

It was the night of the twenty-eighth, I think, that we lay at Blake City, at the west end of the division, waiting orders. Joe was in the cab, fussing around—he was a great hand to polish levers and bright work—and I outside piling up, when a young chap that was a wiper in the round house came running

across the tracks with an order. I took it and swung up into the cab.

"Take east-bound Special No. 1 at Blake City," it read.

Joe was rubbing the handle of his reversing lever, and he just said, "What's Special No. 1?" without looking up.

I shook my head, but the wiper spoke up. He had climbed part way after me and was sitting on the apron between the cab and the fender, with his feet hanging outside.

"It's the Old Man," he said. "He's got his private car and a couple of sleepers with the mine-owners' convention aboard. He's had 'em up to look at the mines. When Pete gimme the order he said it was the chance of your life to do some good running, because he's showing off the road."

Joe looked at me.

"That must have been what we passed yesterday, Lew, the other side of Hartley—the crowd that was yelling and singing."

I didn't remember, because probably I'd been shoveling at the time, but the wiper wanted to talk.

"Yes," he said, "and you ought to hear 'em. They laid up here for half an hour, and they all got out and sang on the platform. The Old Man had a lot of stuff ordered for 'em here. Say, but he's feeding 'em high! There's one fellow—the one with the black whiskers—that's an alderman from Joliet, Pete says, and he can sing to beat the band. One, about 'Mike McCarthy's Wake,' is a beaut. I can't remember the tune, but Pete's been whistling it all day."

"Come, kid," Joe said, "tumble off. We're going to move."

So the wiper jumped down, and we ran out on the siding.

PRETTY soon the General Manager's special came in, and there wasn't any mistake about its being a lively crowd. They had all the windows open (it was warm, you know; a regular March thaw), and they were singing, "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill!" They didn't do it so well as I've heard the boys up at One Legged Carney's European Hotel, on Kinzie Street,—there was too much hollering and

laughing along with it,—but it made a lot of noise. It's funny about that, how a bunch of sober old chaps'll tear things up when they get out on a lark. I remember what a high time the Drainage Commission had the time Joe and I hauled them over the division—we could hear them over the noise of the engine, all the way. And these fellows—well, you could trust Mr. Dennison to make 'em see that our line was the only one running.

We coupled on and pulled her out. Joe was quick about it, for it ain't often you get a chance to haul the General Manager. When he was settling down comfortable on his bench, he said:

"Keep her right up, Lew. We'll show him how an engine ought to be run."

"Why?" said I. "He won't know or care who's running her, will he?"

Joe shook his head. "Don't you believe it," said he. "I was talking with Squires the other day, and he said the Old Man hadn't been with the road a week before he knew something about every man that's working for him. He's that kind, you know."

Now Squires was assistant train-dispatcher on our division, and he ought to know; so I just put my head down and threw in coal. And I'd learned by that time, if I do say it myself, just how to lay the fire.

THE agent at Crosby Junction flagged us and handed up this dispatch:

"Run slow through Hartley Flats. It is reported up the state that the river is rising. If you are held up, back down to Blake City, and run in over the Two I's."

"Back down to Blake City!" Joe said, when we'd got to hitting it up again. "I guess not. He must think we're going to stay out all night."

I felt pretty much like Joe did, for you see we both had our backs up about making a good run of it. The agent had told us, when he gave us the dispatch, that No. 7, west-bound, had come through a couple of hours earlier and reported three inches of water over the tracks on the bridge and all through the flats; and Joe had said he reckoned if Jack Welch could get through three inches of water without losing his nerve, why, we ought to run through three feet. You see, he didn't think much of Jack Welch.

The flats are really a little valley, lying

mostly to the west of the bridge, for east of the river the land rises some up past the Hartley station. There wasn't much of a town there, just the station and a section house and a few stores most half a mile up-country. The station was closed nights after seven o'clock. I could only remember one other time that the spring floods had covered the tracks, though it sometimes came up pretty close. You see, there wasn't much current in the river any time, and, except for a jam of ice once in a while, that bridge, with its big stone abutments and steel truss-work, was good to stand till the cows come home. If it had been the Hastings bridge, now, down on the south division, that was under water, they wouldn't have let a train go near it.

And there was water there, all right. Of course in the dark you couldn't see the fences, and there weren't any trees to speak of on that prairie land; so it looked like a big lake, most half a mile across. I looked out ahead, when we started splashing across the flats toward the bridge, and I couldn't see a thing but black water, and once in a while a blue-white patch where a cake of ice was floating along,—kind of lazy, bumping against the mounds where the ground was higher,—and off in front of us a dark line where the low hills were, around Hartley. I climbed out on the step and swung out so I could look in between the drive wheels, and I'll tell you there wasn't any too much room between the top of the water and the bottom of the fire box. It must have risen a little since Jack Welch came through.

"How is she?" Joe asked, when I came back into the cab.

"All right," said I, "we can make it."

JOE didn't say anything more. We both looked out sharp, and he checked her some more, so that we were moving along pretty slow. But when we were getting to about where the bank of the river ought to be, and the trestle ought to begin, he said something impatient and stopped her dead.

"Look there," he said.

I had ducked in for a minute to fire up, but I put my head out again and saw that a jam of ice had piled on the bridge. It looked like it had tried to get over, and stuck halfway.

Just then the young chap that was braking on the special came over the tender.

"What's up?" he said, kind of fresh. "The Old Man'll be getting up on his ear if you don't push along."

When I was on the wrecking crew I'd had some experience with ice, and I knew there is most always a key-piece to a jam; and if you can get it loose the shove of ice behind it'll clear it all away. So I said:

"You skip back and get a couple of crow-bars, my son. And don't stop to pass the time of day with your friend the Old Man, either."

He looked at me, kind of staggered. He was smart enough, and he saw what I was going to do.

"Say, hold on," he said, "I can't swim—"

Then he looked ashamed, sort of, and moved off fast. When he came back we took off our shoes, him and I, and dropped down into the water. And say, it was cold! It didn't come halfway to our knees, but from the feeling it might as well have been up to our ears. I told him to watch his feet,—for you couldn't see a thing but water, you know; no track or bridge or anything; and you had to feel along,—but he got rattled from seeing

the streaks in the water going by under him, and just as we were starting out on the bridge, working along careful, his foot slipped through between ties and gave him a mean wrench.

It took half a minute to brace him up and get him started again. The way to size up a man's nerve, you know, is to get him where he ain't used to being. The kid may have been all right on a train, but that black stretch of water, with the current swishing kind of slow around his legs, and the little pieces of ice bumping into him, and nothing but a slippery trestle underneath without a thing above water to hang on to—it scared his teeth loose. We'd got pretty well out on the bridge when he stopped—didn't say a word, just stood there with his feet braced, breathing hard. But it ain't for me to judge him. He didn't look more than nineteen; and maybe the tumble had hurt him. And honest, I didn't like it much myself, because it wasn't such a dead-sure thing to keep your feet. And if either of us had slipped off, downstream way—well, we didn't, so there's no use talking about that.

I saw he wasn't no use, so I climbed up on the ice, —the headlight brightened things up some,—and I could see that three cakes had got wedged in between the rails and the cross-ties. It wasn't really a big jam, you know, and it hadn't been cold enough for the cakes to freeze together; so I pried away at the top one until it came loose and slid off downstream. The ice behind it didn't move so fast but what I could get out of the way. The hardest work was with one of the bottom cakes, that had got pounded down between the ties. I was throwing all my weight on the bar when all of a sudden the cake turned part way over, the bar slipped, and I went into the water up to my neck, on the upstream side of the bridge. I tipped up a cake when I was falling, and came pretty near getting sucked under, but I got hold of the end of a tie. For a minute there everything was so slippery I couldn't get a purchase to haul myself out. And say, did you ever flop around in ice water? If you haven't, don't try it.

WHEN I got back on my legs, and some of the water had run off, I went back to get the brakeman's bar, for mine had gone to the bottom of the river. I found him down on his hands and knees, hanging on. He was so done up from the cold of the water that he couldn't talk straight. I hadn't thought of that, for I'd been working hard and keeping up my circulation. I saw it wouldn't do to waste much time getting him back, so I moved as fast as I dared. I felt around under

water until I found his bar where he'd laid it along the ties, and then it didn't take me long to clear the track. Some of the ice, that was in bigger cakes, I just let alone. It was on the upstream side, but I figured that it would stay there for a while anyhow. The ice on the bridge was just little chunks that had been pushed up by the shore from behind.



I'd heard the boys tell how the Old Man rode a hundred and fifty miles after the head of a gang of horse thieves and brought him back alone

Before I quit I felt along the rails to see if they were solid. It was lucky I did, for one joint had been worked loose. All but two of the bolts were gone, and one fishplate (that's the strip that joins the ends of the rails, you know). I thought quick. I didn't see why we couldn't patch it up and go ahead. There was the section house up by the Hartley station. I could get another fishplate there, and with a little help it wouldn't take any time to bolt it down. So I wedged up the bar to mark the place and went after the brakeman. All he needed was a warm fire. I pulled him up, and slapped his back and made him step along. It was ticklish business getting him over the trestle. When we got to the engine I boosted him up the

steps into the cab and climbed after him.

There was a little man there—couldn't have been more than five feet, six—that helped haul him up and then stood looking at me, kind of sharp. I didn't need a dig in the back to tell me that this was Mr. Dennison himself. His face was smooth with a leathery skin, and little wrinkles all over it; and his eyes had a jerky way of sizing you up.

"What's the matter with him?" he said, talking quick, like a man that ain't used to saying things twice. "How'd he get hurt?"

"Fell on the trestle," said I. "Guess he's chilled some, too. The fire'll fix him."

Mr. Dennison was looking me over while I talked. I knew something about him—there wasn't a railroad man west of Buffalo that didn't. I'd heard the boys tell about how he opened the track that time, out in Colorado, when the snow sheds caved in, and how he busted up the Burke brothers' gang that was cleaning up banks and express cars all over Idaho, one a month, regular as the clock; and then about that time, away back before he went into the railroad business, when he was a sheriff there in Idaho, how he rode a hundred and fifty miles after the head of a gang of horse thieves and brought him back alone. He was so short—didn't hardly come up to my shoulder—and so young—forty or thereabouts—that I couldn't help wondering if he'd really done all the things they told of; for he'd been in railroad work here in Illinois ten or fifteen years,—used to be chief dispatcher on the C. & S. C.,—and it didn't seem possible. Either he was older than he looked, or else he'd lived two years while other men were living one.

"Is the track clear?" he asked.

"No, sir; there's a joint loose—fishplate and bolts gone."

His eyebrows came down, and his face wrinkled up more than ever. I knew what he was thinking about; we hadn't any repair outfit aboard except an axe and emergency tools.

"I can fix it," I said. "I'll need another man to hold spikes."

Well, sir, he turned around to see if the brakeman was getting along all right,—and he was; Joe had laid him out on the foot plate and was rubbing him,—and then he said, "I'll go with you."

Now that's the sort of man he was, and that's why he was General Manager; he wasn't afraid to get right out on his two legs and take hold of things. But mind you, he wouldn't have gone a step if he hadn't thought it was the best thing to do. He knew that the only other man was the conductor, and he was about fifty, and fat.

"YOU'D better take your shoes off, sir," said I. "It's some slippery."

He pulled them off and jumped right down into the water after me. And he may have been little, but he had a nervous way about him that made you feel that as long as he was around things were going to get done. He was quick and wiry, and he knew what you meant before you said it.

We didn't do any talking. We went over the bridge—feeling along the rails toward the Hartley side to be sure they were all right—and on up the track to the section house. Then I said, "We'll have to break in"; and he nodded and said, "Go ahead." So I got a long plank, and we hammered the door in and rummaged around until we found a fishplate, some bolts and spikes and a sledge. Then we went back, and he held the spikes, kneeling there in the water, while I drove them in; and we bolted on the fishplate. All this time we weren't saying a word, mind you, except what we had to say to do the work. And it wasn't really very long after the train had stopped that we climbed into the cab again, and Mr. Dennison squeezed his wet feet into his shoes, and I picked up my shovel and got to work. The brakeman wasn't there. He'd gone back into the train. You could hear the mine-owners' convention singing as if they never knew we'd stopped. I made out the words now and then:

And we all went down to Mike McCarthy's shack—

"What's your name?" said Mr. Dennison, when he'd got his shoes on, and we were crawling out over the trestle.

"Lew Brady," said I.

He pulled out his watch and turned around to Joe.

"Now let's see how much of this time you can make up," he said.

Then he went back to his private car. Now, I don't want to give you any wrong notions about this promotion business. If you've got it into your head, from stories written by chaps that don't know a spark hopper from a cylinder cock, that a man never does a nifty thing but what the General Manager comes around and pats him on the back and says, "From this moment, my man, you are Superintendent of the Division at a large salary—" if that's your notion of it, why, you're twisted, that's all. It's a railroad man's business to be some brave; it's what he's paid for. There's hardly a week but what somebody on the line gets into a box that would give you cold feet and weak lungs—and gets out again, and nothing's ever said. And he goes on drawing his salary, and thanks his stars he wasn't fired. Why, you take it when the Chicago power plant blew up and locked all the pneumatic switches through two miles of yards, and three divisions running in there with twenty passenger trains and no end of freight switching every hour—but hold me. First thing I know I'll be telling so much about Mr. Dennison you'll never get me stopped.

Well, anyhow, the fact's just this: railroad promotions ain't for bravery, they're for tending to business. That's why I was knocked flat when I got an order, ten days later, to come up to Chicago and take out an engine of my own. You see, I hadn't done anything much—nothing that any of the boys couldn't have done. The unusual thing about it was that the General Manager happened to be on that train.

What the Man in the Moon Saw

By C. A. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

IT was one of the last years we did lumbering up in the Flagstaff region. The winter's cut of spruce had gone down Dead River to the Kennebec, and the Old Squire had driven up from home to pay off the river-drivers and had taken me with him—for this was after Addison, Halstead and the girls had left the farm, and the old gentleman was there alone again, except for such assistance as the present writer—then about nineteen—could give him.

There was a crew of twenty-eight of the river-men; and it is doing them no injustice to say they were rough fellows, noisy, sometimes quarrelsome, especially so after they were paid off for their season's work and, as was often the case, some sneaking boot-legger had found his way to them with intoxicants. There wasn't much then that anyone could do save to let them alone. They had taken possession of the little tavern where we had put up while adjusting their accounts; and after supper that night they were "celebrating" after their own fashion. The hubbub was prodigious. Some were roaring forth songs, some crowing like roosters, others dancing jigs, the corks of

their driver's boots splintering the floor. The crockery at the supper table suffered. Two chairs had crashed. High words rose at intervals, and there had been several scuffles.

To be out of the noise, the Old Squire walked out to the road which passed the tavern door. "It's their way of having a good time, I suppose," he said. "But crazy men couldn't behave worse. It's the same every year when they come off the drive. I'm afraid we shall get no sleep here."

DUSK was falling. But for the uproar in the tavern behind us, the night was very calm—the stillness of the northern wilderness when its burden of winter snow first goes off. At a distance the swollen river sent its low, hoarse murmur across the forest. A few frogs, after their long, cold slumbers, were raising tiny voices, hailing each other in the twilight; and afar, a little saw-whet owl began its measured creak. Then came a

louder outburst of howls from the exhilarated crew inside the open tavern door. The Old Squire turned to listen.

"My son, what say to driving home tonight instead of stopping here?" he said suddenly. "Tis thirty-eight miles, but the night isn't cold. The moon will be up in a little while. Our horse has been standing all day. I believe I would rather do it and be at home in the morning than stay here." The idea pleased me immensely. "Well, then," the Old Squire cried, "you run and hitch up Whistle (our driving horse). I will go indoors, settle our bill and get our coats."

WE had bought half a dozen bushel baskets that afternoon from an Indian basket-maker who lived near the tavern—baskets woven from ash strip. After hitching up, I set the baskets together and lashed them on behind the buckboard seat. The Old Squire came out, and we set off, glad

to get away into the restful quiet of the spring night.

"You may drive," he said; "perhaps your eyes are sharper than mine." And then for some minutes he sat silent beside me as I guided Whistle along the narrow, dark road, which, indeed, was little better than a trail. "Oh, well, I suppose we must never allow ourselves to be discouraged about the human race," he said at length, and I knew he was thinking of the noisy crew we had just left at the tavern. "But improvement comes slow, painfully slow, and sometimes we grow disheartened because we fail to witness in one short lifetime that progress which only comes in the course of centuries. Patience is what we need to cultivate, patience and faith. I hardly hope to live long enough to see intoxicants abolished," he added. "But that will come in time."

A silvery radiance began to show above the eastern horizon, and ere long the full moon slowly poked up its round, ruddy face over the black tops of the spruce woods, preternaturally big and strangely like a human countenance. The Old Squire laughed. "The man in the moon is looking at us," said he. "Looks jolly, tonight, as if out for a

frolic." He laughed again. "A full moon like that always makes me feel cattish, as if I would like to play hide-and-seek. When I was a boy, the young folks played hide-and-seek a good deal by moonlight. Hide-and-seek, we called it then, for when the one who 'blinded' had counted a hundred he shouted, 'Ready,' and all who had hidden cried, 'Coop.' Then the search for the hidden ones began, in the barns and about the corncribs and haystacks. There is something in moonlight that makes us feel antic."

WHISTLE trotted rapidly on; he had been homesick and was glad to get away from the wild uproar at the tavern. As we drew near Duck Pond, six miles on our way, voices were heard ahead, and the glare of a fire came in view. Pulling up at the log bridge over a brook that flowed into the pond, we saw torches along the brook bed. A party of young fellows were there, spearing suckers, which at this season come up certain streams by night, to deposit their spawn. By waiting till about an hour after dark and then obstructing the channel near the pond great numbers of these fish can often be speared.

The birch-bark torches lit up the water; the fishers, each with his torch in one hand and his four-pronged spear in the other, were leaping briskly to and fro, and the thud of the iron points among the stones rang out sharply. On both sides, the banks were already "aflop" with the impaled fish.

As we sat watching the scene, one of the young torch-bearers approached so near that Whistle snorted at the sputter of the blazing bark. "Don't you want some suckers?" the youngster shouted to us. "They're big."

Big ones they were; and for a twenty-five cent piece he filled one of our bushel baskets from the squirming heaps on the bank. Numbers of these suckers would have weighed three pounds apiece.

Then for two hours or more Whistle trotted on, the moon mounting higher, frogs peeping and now and again an owl hooting in the forest depths. Twice our horse stopped short as if fearing to go on, and we surmised there was a bear not far away. Presently we heard one give its quite human-sounding outcry at a distance. Once as two porcupines scuttled across the road a lynx, evidently in pursuit of them, uttered its raspy screech from a near-by thicket. All the wild denizens of the forest were astir, seeking their prey or the companionship of their kind.

An hour later we emerged to a settlement along the intervals of Wild Stream, where there were five farms and a sawmill, a neighborhood quaintly known as "Jericho." At the first of these habitations the good people were apparently abed and asleep; not a light glimmered from a window. And now a roguish idea, inspired by the moon, perhaps, occurred to the Old Squire.

"What if we leave them a mess of suckers?" he said laughing. "We can put them in one of these new baskets and set it by the house door. When they find that basket and suckers in the morning, they will wonder where in the world they came from! When they quiz their neighbors about the basket, and find it doesn't belong to any of them, they will wonder still more! It will be a mystery in Jericho."

So we pulled up, put a half-dozen of the suckers in one of the new bushel baskets, which I deposited gently on the doorstep, then stole back to the buckboard.

For some reason, the humor of this prank appealed to the Old Squire that night. "Let's not show partiality in Jericho," he said. "It's rather expensive in bushel baskets. But never mind. We can get more. Let's leave a mess of suckers at every house here."

Accordingly we pulled up at the next farm. Here, too, all was dark and still; and, counting out six more suckers in another basket, I left it on the doorstep, and we walked Whistle on to the next place. It was there the sawmill was located. We knew the name of the folks there, having once called on our way up to the lumber camps. It was Kilburn. The man was a prosperous farmer and millman, with a large family of girls. The sawmill was on the stream just across the road from the farm. The latter consisted of a house and long ell, at the far end of which were a shed and a large barn. The mill was on the west side of the highway, and the farm on the east side. About the mill were numerous piles of freshly-sawn lumber, slabs and edgings, all showing quite clearly

in the moonlight. Water was pouring through the sluiceway of the dam. Otherwise all seemed quiet. On passing the house, however, we saw that here the people were astir. Late as was the hour, two front windows of the ell were brilliantly alight.

"We must be cautious here," the Old Squire whispered; and what we did was to pass the house for two or three hundred yards, before stopping. I was of the opinion

dodged round the corner of the house, then hooked it across the road to the cover of a lumber pile beside it, and from that, slid down a great heap of sawdust at the lower end of the mill and hid beneath the mill floor. But I had sprinted straight away down the road, to reach our team, and, though hotly pursued by three of the girls who ran like veritable Atalantas, I succeeded in casting off Whistle's halter, jumping on the

Why Do You Want to Go to College?

IF you are a girl of eighteen or less, the heads of many famous colleges would like to have your honest answer to this question. Is it because you want a change—or want to qualify yourself for a profession—or because your friends are going—or what? Read Hazel Grey's offer of fifty dollars in cash prizes on page 225. And notice that you can win a prize by telling frankly why you *don't* want to go, if you truly don't. This contest is for girls only, just as our recent Sportsmanship Contest was for boys. Be sure to mail your letter to Hazel Grey on or before April 15.

that the old gentleman had better remain at the buckboard and hold Whistle while I went softly back, but did not like to tell him so, and he kept with me. He appeared to be renewing his youth, that night! Accordingly we tied Whistle to a tree by the roadside, at the edge of the woods, then went back with our basket. The curtains of the two lighted windows were not drawn, and on approaching the door we could hardly help seeing what was going on inside. The Kilburn girls must have had the company of their neighbors, that night, for there was a party of eight young ladies there, sitting about a long table, all busily engaged cutting and weaving strips of gay-colored paper into some sort of airy fabrics; and, as this was about the first of May, we guessed at once that their ornate creations were May baskets, for use at May-night frolics.

AFTERWARD, I had little doubt that those Jericho girls were gathered there, and sitting up late, in expectation of May-night calls.

After a single hasty glance inside, I stole forward to deposit our basket of fish on the

buckboard and escaping, though not without a poignant sense of anxiety as to what was happening to the Old Squire, who had disappeared, I hardly knew how or where. One of those sharp-eyed girls had caught a glimpse of him, however, as he crossed the road, and five of them were after him among the board piles; but he got to cover beneath the mill floor and, scrambling over still greater heaps of the dry sawdust that lay under it, dug himself in, so to speak, far back and to considerable depth, then lay still. But of this, of course, I knew nothing.

MY pursuers did not follow far, after I reached the buckboard. "Oh, we know you, Jim Brown!" one of them called out several times. "We know you, if you have got on a new cap! Had to come with your horse, didn't you? Didn't dare to trust your own legs!" another cried, mockingly. Evidently I was mistaken for some one they knew well.

As soon as I was sure they had turned back, I pulled up, hitched Whistle again and followed them softly, keeping to the shadows of the trees beside the road. I was consumed by anxiety about the Old Squire.



The Old Squire and I had scarcely taken three strides before the door flew open and the Kilburn party were out, laughing, shouting and chasing us

doorstep, the Old Squire remaining a few steps behind. The glare from the windows was in our eyes, and in setting the large basket on the stone step I inadvertently jarred a tin pail that had been left, bottom up, at one end of it. I think those girls must have been listening. Slight as was the sound, they apparently heard it; yet even so, how eight girls contrived to rush forth so quickly is still a mystery! We had scarcely taken three strides before the door flew open and they were out, laughing, shouting and chasing us—for it is a part of the old Mayday game to catch the fellow that hangs a May basket.

We were badly taken by surprise. Our plan hadn't provided for this. I durst not speak aloud to the Old Squire, nor he to me. Aware, perhaps, that his legs were not quite what they once were, the old gentleman

I guessed now that he had run to the sawmill, for I heard the girls calling out to one another there; and I was afraid he might have tried to cross the stream on the mill dam and fallen in. At that season of the year the water was high. I stole nearer, through alder clumps, till I came within easy hearing distance, then listened intently. Judging from the voices, all eight of the girls were now at the mill, searching diligently. "Oh, we know you are hid here, somewhere, Mark Jordan!" one cried. "You may as well come out. You haven't fooled us by wearing that long coat and big hat!" another cried, laughing. "Emma saw you scud across the road. She knew you."

For some time longer the search went on, in and out among the piles of lumber and slabs, and in every dark nook and corner of

the mill. Then they crept down the bank and looked under the mill floor, among the wheels and sawdust heaps. "If you've buried yourself up here, you had better come out," I heard one of them cry; and then they got sticks of edging and appeared to be prodding the heaps.

Where or in what plight the Old Squire was, I couldn't imagine. Apparently those girls believed he was Mark Jordan and was hidden somewhere thereabouts. At length two of them crossed over on the dam and searched the log piles and bushes on the other side of the stream. Afterward, they all stood around a long while in the moonlight, shouting occasional exhortations to the supposed Mark to come forth and show himself.

WHAT to do, I hardly knew. If the Old Squire was safe, it was best, of course, for both of us to keep still; but I was dreadfully afraid something had befallen him. For a man of seventy-eight, he was active; but of course seventy-eight isn't twenty. I began to be afraid he might have had a bad fall among the logs below the dam or slipped off them into rapid water.

It seemed to me those girls would never go back indoors! Two of them stood on top of a board pile, watching the mill and everything about it. I began to fear they would remain there till morning! At last it occurred to me that the Old Squire might have reached the woods on the far side of the stream and made a circuit around to the road below, where we had left our team. In that case he would be waiting for me there; and upon that, I hastened back where I had last hitched Whistle. But he was not there, and again I stole back up the road toward the mill. I was now really alarmed; and my resolution was as good as taken to hail the girls, reveal our identity and ask them to aid me in looking the Old Squire up. Before I came in sight of the mill, however, I saw some one stealing down the road in the shadow of the woods, and was vastly relieved a moment later to hear the old gentleman speak. The girls, it appeared, had at last given up the hunt and gone into the house. He was laughing, and he looked very dusty in the moonlight.

"Well, they didn't catch us, did they?" were his first words—with the grin of a boy eighteen; and as I brushed him off a bit he told me of his predicament under the mill. "I thought at one time they would surely find me!" he said. "They stuck sticks down all around me. Once they hit my leg; and one of them crept clean over me, pawing in the heap with her hands. I was nearly smothered. They were bent on capturing Mark Jordan."

We drove on,—the moon riding at its full height in the heavens,—and owing to our escapade in Jericho we did not reach home till nearly seven in the morning.

"It may be just as well not to say too much about this," the Old Squire remarked, with a droll glance at my face, as we drove up the lane. "Your grandmother, you know, has rather strict ideas about the behavior of old people. She might think this much worse than it really was."

I fully agreed with him; but we came near exposure at the start. Breakfast was ready on the table; and after putting up Whistle we went directly in, grandmother greeting the Old Squire with a caress, as usual, after such absences from home. But something about his hair and his raiment instantly attracted her attention.

"Why, Joseph, your hair is full of something that looks like sawdust!" she exclaimed. "Your clothes, too, are all covered with it! And, my sakes! both pockets of your coats are full of it. Where have you been?"

"Well, Ruth, the fact is we were rather busy for an hour or two at a sawmill up the country," the Old Squire replied with an all-wise glance across at me.

"I should say 'busy'!" the old lady cried, brushing at his sleeves. "Do come to the wood-box while I empty your pockets. You must have worked awfully hard!" she added. "And at your age, Joe, do you think it is quite prudent to exert yourself like that, nights?"

"Perhaps not," the Old Squire said. "I'm afraid I'm getting a little old for such jobs. But a sudden emergency arose—and it seemed to be a work of necessity."

The dear old lady looked a little puzzled, not wholly satisfied. In fact, we barely scraped by.

In Channel Waters

By MARY AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

III. Sher Changes His Mind

WHEN the captain of the Blue Wing had in his emergency remembered the cave in the glen he had suggested it to Oleson only as a convenient place for keeping the boys under cover until he could dispose of his cargo. For, he argued, every moment they spent upon the Blue Wing gave them increased opportunities for getting details of information that, he made no doubt, would be lodged against him if Phil and Sher got any notion of his business in those waters.

Sea-going people are disposed to think lightly of smuggling in general, but the smuggling of despised "cheap labor" coolies met with scant favor from any quarter. Suspicious the boys were sure to be, but the captain meant to give them no more ground for guessing than need be. And Oleson fell in readily enough with his suggestion, the more so as his slow wit had not worked out any better arrangement; and in the meantime the captain and the mate could each think out a plan for getting the boys safe back to their friends, for, to do them justice, neither of them thought of any other end of the matter.

But a number of things had come in the way of the captain's plans. For one thing, Oleson had discovered that the nature of the ship's cargo was known to the boys, and that one of them at least was not to be intimidated. And Captain Waller had found in the general alarm raised about the castaways a greater hindrance than he had expected.

Sher had been right in his surmise about the carrier pigeons, one having been loosed as soon as it became certain that the boys were gone. Judge Arnet, hurrying to San Pedro, had scattered all available boats with promises of reward, so that the Blue Wing, with the lifting of the fog, found herself in a maze of boats, traders, steam launches, pleasure yachts and all manner of fisher craft, threading the channel waters, from San Nicolas to San Clemente. For his boat, which changed her name and her paint with every trip, the captain had little anxiety, but his own face was too well known to risk a close encounter.

He flitted about the north end of the island until the fishermen he had expected drew into view, and lured them by signals before agreed upon out of the press of boats; and this was easy enough to do; but it was a harder matter to find those willing to take the risk of working back to the main with contraband Chinamen aboard and glasses sweeping every point of the coast.

So he found himself by evening with four Chinamen still in the hold and no better plan than that he should take them across channel by night to meet other Chinese fishermen putting out from the coast, having first picked up Oleson at the cave, and then get away to the south with all speed. Of the boys he thought chiefly that they were a nuisance, but that they would probably come to no great harm if they were left lightly bound, in the cave, to stumble out by daylight and be picked up by their friends.

WHEN Sher and Philip, lying bound in the dark, understood by the passing of the mate's footsteps that they were alone, they began at once to cast about for means of escape.

"Let's get out of this," whispered Sher to Phil. "How are your hands tied?"

"There's a rope around my wrists that hurts like sixty, but I think it's only a handkerchief around my feet."

"Hands tied behind you?"

"Yes."

"So's mine. We'll have to roll over and see if we can untie each other."

After a few minutes' fumbling at the ropes the boys gave it up. There are few kinds of sailor's knots that a boy can untie with the use of both hands and eyes.

"If they were only in front," said Phil, "we could gnaw them with our teeth. I've read of prisoners doing that."

"Well, I'll tell you, I'll gnaw yours awhile, and when I'm tired you can gnaw mine."

This plan did not promise well, but after the first disgusted nibble Sher knew it would be no great matter to get quickly free. Oleson had brought no ropes to the

known how many books of adventure those boys had read, he would never have left them so lightly bound. Down in the lee of a rock, where he smoked and cursed the possible ill luck of the belated Blue Wing, he gave hardly a thought to what the boys might be doing.

"I suppose," the captain went on, "you boys'll have a lot to tell when you get home."



About nine the sloop stole into the mouth of the cove and sent a man and a boat for Oleson. The "hurry up" whistle, which so startled the boys, sounded before the smugglers had fairly understood each other about what was to be done with them. Leading up on the glen side toward the cave, but to the left of it, was a wild goat's path, plain and well trodden; up this the smugglers ran and into it the boys slipped over a ledge, coming all of a heap together, and were haled off to the boat with no time lost.

Once aboard, battered and scratched and breathless, the boys were thrust in among the Chinamen—and none too soon, for a steam launch, returning from the circuit of the island, hailed them with a cry, "What news?"

"No news," bellowed Oleson, and the Blue Wing slipped away toward the California coast.

The hours that Sher and Phil lay in the hold of the sloop went heavily. The air was close and foul with the smell of coolies and the vile little pipes they smoked. And with that and the rolling of the boat the boys became unbearably seasick. For a long time they lay on the disgusting floor, sick past caring what became of them so they might only be rid of their sickness.

Finally one and then another of the coolies was taken over the ship's side in the dark until all were gone, and at last the boys were allowed to crawl into the fresh air. There some one threw a blanket and a sail cloth over them, and they got a little sleep.

THE cook woke them, clattering noisily among the cooking pots. It was broad day. Away to the east the main land lay under a fog bank. Nearer and to the north Catalina rested like a blue cloud along the shining sea. From the place where the Chinamen had been came up a sound of scrubbing. Close by, on a pile of cordage sat the captain and the mate, still considering the boys, but with an eye always toward the slack, flapping sails.

Oleson was sour visaged enough to give them alarm, but the captain's face was as blank as sea water. For the captain would have nothing to do with the mate's ideas of ransom or reward. Captain Waller had a private notion that in a set-to between a rich man and a poor one the latter came hardly off.

"Don't you run ag'in them fellers any more'n you can help. My word for it, you'll be sorry. There's risks enough in our business, and profits enough, if a man will only be satisfied. Them that's always a running after more are the ones that gets caught."

And in the end the captain's counsel prevailed. The Blue Wing stood to run up the west side of the island and drop the boys ashore in the place least observed, and then show a clean pair of heels. This was to have been done by sunrise, and here it was an hour past, and not a hatful of wind.

The boys breakfasted and sat together on the deck, Philip resting his head upon

Sher's knee. His bones ached, he could not yet bear to look at the water, and never in his life had he been ten miles away from his own people. Not one of the crew so much as noticed them, being busy ridding the boat of all traces of the coolies and arranging a superficial cargo of vegetables. The captain got up at last and drifted uncertainly in their direction.

"I'm going to set you fellers ashore pretty soon," he said.

"Well, it's time," said Sher grimly.

In all that wide-open bay there was nothing to make him afraid, only soft airs overhead and a sparkle along the sea, and away to the landward a dipping sail.

"I would have done it before," the captain explained, "but it wasn't noways handy. If Oleson had left you in the cave like I said, you'd 'a' been with your folks by this time. I suppose," he went on after a pause, "you'll have a lot to tell when you get home."

Sher flashed a comprehending glance. "Yes," he said, "a lot."

The captain cut a splinter from a cabbage crate and began to chew it. "What's the good of that?" he said argumentatively. "Look at what I might have done to you if I'd been a mind to; set you adrift, some fellows would, where your folk wouldn't hear of you till kingdom come. Looks as if you ought to be mighty willing to do something for me."

"Captain Waller," said Sher, "if you meant us no harm, you might have let us go in the first place, before we had been on your boat or known anything of your business. We would have gone ashore with very little trouble and have thought no more of you than that you were a crank, or a very unfriendly sort of a man. As it is, you have kept us prisoners for two days while our friends are worrying and spending money hunting for us. You have taken my boat, and now you want to set us ashore on the uninhabited side of an island that you know, if you know anything about it, is one of the hardest to travel and the easiest to get lost in; and when we get back to our friends you want us to say nothing about where we have been and what we have been doing. Do you think they will stand that?"

"Oh, not to say nothing at all," said the captain, "but say you couldn't remember exactly where we picked you up, nor the kind of a craft, nor the looks of us. And not to say anything about the cargo; nothing that would hurt my business."

"As for your looks," said Sher, beginning to be thoroughly angry with the man's half fawning, half threatening manner, "I am not likely to forget them; and as for your business, I should be glad enough to have a hand in stopping that smuggling Chinamen into the country to spoil white men's wages! You've done all you could to spoil my business, keeping me here and stealing my boat, and I'll tell no lies for yours."

A very black look came into the smuggler's face, and he began to fume. He had, he said, taken them into his boat and saved their lives; he had treated them well; he was no little tin millionaire (with a glance at Phil), but he had given them the best he had, and this was what he got for it. Here the man who kept the watch called to him low and quick to come away to the glass.

CAPTAIN Waller's glass was much better than is usually found on vessels of such size and shabbiness, and he had need of a good glass in his business. Now, although no one else saw any cause for alarm, it was plain that whatever the glass discovered disturbed the captain greatly. He called Oleson, and one by one the crew came to look, and fell back to glance uneasily at the wind and the sea. There was not a great deal of discipline aboard the Blue Wing, for all the crew were in a manner partners in the venture, but when it was a question of seamanship they fell to at the captain's order.

Away to landward appeared a speck of a vessel, beating through a narrow arc like a pendulum but growing larger by degrees. The boys edged curiously near the watch, and the man who held the glass—the same who had come with Oleson to the cave—offered to let them look. No sooner had Sher clapped his eye to the glass than he uttered a cry of surprise.

"You know that ship?" asked the captain. "Yes," said Sher promptly. "It's the

Madrono," he added immediately after. "But she's not after you," for Sher saw quickly enough, if Captain Waller got it into his head that the Madrono was chasing the Blue Wing, there would be no getting to Catalina that day.

"How do you know?" asked the smuggler.

"She was in Avalon four days ago, and I was aboard her. One of the men told me they were looking for a buoy that had drifted off Point Loma."

The Madrono was a lighthouse tender and not a revenue boat, but she had been known to carry revenue officers; and she was a government boat, and the smugglers wished to keep out of the way of all such. The men continued to look grimly toward the nearing ship and the more grimly as Sher told the captain of a stranger aboard the Madrono, not a ship's officer, but wearing a uniform and supposed at Avalon to be an inspector of something or other.

By this time the wind freshened a little, but blew straight away from Santa Catalina. A sailing vessel running from a steam propeller must go the way of the wind or not at all. Accordingly the Blue Wing began to draw away from Catalina and to raise San Clemente across her bows. The Madrono continued to come on, nosing about like a hound on a trail, and the men began to gather in a knot, talking in whispers with unfriendly glances at the boys.

Suppose they were overhauled; there was nothing but the boys to show that the Blue Wing was other than she pretended to be, and no sort of a story would save them as soon as the boys found themselves in the presence of their friends. It meant the penitentiary for the smugglers; nothing less, and they had families to look after.

The Madrono grew large and plain, and Oleson came with rough words and ordered the boys below.

"Never you make a noise," he said, thrusting them among the potato sacks, "or I'll do for you."

In the dark Phil snuggled up to Sher and began to whimper. What he understood of the situation made him afraid. Sher was mad, "madder than a wet hen," he said—not with Philip, but with the whole situation.

"What's the use of being scared; they won't do anything; they dassent. They will

just keep us here until the Madrono is out of sight."

"Yes, and where will we be by that time?"

all your fault, you know—it's all your fault."

Sher was sorely hurt. Up to this time Philip had not blamed him for any of their

point of a quarrel when Philip began to cry. Sher melted into remorse at once.

"O Phil," he said, putting an arm about him in the dark. "Don't do that, Philly. I'll promise, I will truly. I'll do anything if you won't cry."

They were silent after that for a long time, and finally the light streamed in, and a voice called to them that they might come up.

The Blue Wing stood out to sea opposite the west end of San Clemente with the Madrono dwindling at the stern and the yellow afternoon sun lying all along the sea. The captain leaned against the tiller, thinking heavily. Sher went directly to him.

"I'm ready to make you that promise," he said. "If you will set us ashore at once, I will agree to say nothing about your boat or your business."

"Hump!" said the captain for all comment.

The wind blew steadily and the Blue Wing clapt the tops of the waves merrily. Captain Waller came to them presently quite as if nothing had happened. He was a wild, unstable man, believing every man's hand against him, but danger steadied him.

"I meant," he said, "to put you ashore on Catalina, but I can't do that in this wind. I'll drop you on the south end of Clemente, with grub to last until you can get across to the Frenchman's that keeps the cattle there. Tain't far, and some of your friends will pick you up in a few days."

And the captain was as good as his word, and better. For when, about four o'clock, they were getting into the ship's boat to be rowed ashore in an unquiet cove, he called Sher aside and slipped some money into his hand.

"That was an ugly word you said about your boat," he said. "My business ain't pretty; I don't know, though, but it's about as pretty as lawyering." He wagged his head contemptuously toward Philip and added: "But I don't steal boats."

Sher took the money readily enough; the boat had not belonged to him, and neither did the price of it belong to him. Already it was a load off his mind. Oleson called them a facetious good-by, and in a few moments the boys stood forlornly on Clemente watching the Blue Wing flitting southward along the level sea.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.



The hours that Sher and Phil lay in the hold of the sloop went heavily. The air was close and foul.

said Philip, not to be comforted. "We're going lickety-split now, and straight away from the island. They will carry us off to Mexico, and we'll never get home in the world." Then his seasickness began to come on again. "It's all your fault," he fretted. "Why didn't you promise the captain? What do we care what becomes of a lot of dirty smugglers so long as we get home?" Then as his seasickness got the better of him, "I'll die, I know I will," he moaned, "and it's

misadventures, and he was so sure he was right about refusing a promise to the captain, and so boyishly obstinate in sticking to his notions of what was right, that he did not in the least know what to do with Philip's objections. To outface the smugglers had seemed to him rather a high-minded thing to do, and here was Philip thinking it selfish and maybe "cranky." Besides being hurt he was indignant at being misunderstood, and altogether the boys were on the

Lost from the Fleet

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

V. Camp White-Coat

BOB thought fast as he saw the split ice pan bearing Abram away from him. Inspiration came. Hastily flinging the coil of spun-yarn from his shoulder, he knotted the pieces together with fingers none too steady. He tied one end of this line to the gaff; Abram all this time was drifting farther, farther. Before the work was done, thirty feet of chill gray water gleamed between them.

"Catch the gaff!" cried Bob and hurled it like a javelin. It fell short, with a splash. He hauled it in and threw again. This time it shot across the pan. Abram snatched it up. "Wonderful fine idee, dat!" he shouted. "Walk back on 'er."

Both boys pulled. The pan slowed, stopped, gradually eased shoreward. In five minutes it was close enough for Abram to jump. His spiked boots made him sure-footed. He landed safely.

"That was a mighty close call!" said Bob. "I almost got spilled, and you—"

"Oh, dat ain't nothin'!" returned Abram. "Kim along; let's find anoder pan. But don't go stabbin' it, nex' time!"

In a few minutes they had found another pan, larger than the first, that could be got free. On this they embarked. Abram, however, wasn't taking any chances this time. He took the gaff himself and pushed off. The pan moved gently from the floe.

"Now, don't you bodder none," he said

to Bob. "All we'm got to do now is kip quate. De breeze, her do de rest."

The vastness of the ocean swell was now more apparent than ever. Their frail coracle of ice swung up, up, up, plunged down, down, down, confusingly. It wheeled too, so that the sun seemed to circle the horizon.

ALL their sense of direction grew confused. To Bob it seemed as if they were going back whence they had come; but steadily the distance from solid ice increased and in something less than half an hour they found themselves at the eastern side of the water gap. Against the ice here—ice divinely blue under the lapping water—the pan gently grounded.

It was with a sigh of relief that was more than half a yawn (for lack of sleep was beginning to tell heavily) that Bob jumped ashore.

"So dat'm all rate," commented Abram. "Now den, let's see where de smoke is."

He climbed a pinnacle and looked a long time to seaward; then came down with a shake of the head.

"See it?" asked Bob.

"No. Can't say as I do. Ain't no smoke dere now."

"What's happened?" asked Bob, his heart sinking.

"Ship got jammed, mebbe. Burned down."

"What's that?"

"Stopped in de ice. Can't git along, an' drew her fires."

"Oh, I see. Well, let's keep on, anyhow. We can go in the general direction where we think she is."

But Abram shook his head. His cheerful smile had vanished now.

"No," he objected. "Us can't walk off dere, fifteen or twenty mile, an' mebbe run into lots of open water, widout knowin' where us headed to. As lang as us knowed dere was a ship, I could kip on. But her mebbe gone away to sea. So dat's diff'rent."

"Things don't look very good, do they?" asked Bob.

"Sarny, dem don't," agreed Abram, sitting down on a clumper. Their long walk, the lack of sleep, the heavy burden he had been carrying, had begun to tell on even his wiry strength. "Well, us'll kip on."

"And if we don't," asked Bob, sitting down beside the stowaway, "why not turn back to the west? We might strike the Newfoundland shore, or Labrador, or something."

"No," answered Abram. "We'm hun-

dreds o' miles off de shore now. An' even if us gits handy to it, dere'm always open water or loose, runnin' ice, along de land. A wonderf'ul bad place to cross! No, us got to bide here an' git picked up."

"Isn't there any chance this ice, here, might get driven to land?"

"No. She'm allers runnin' more off to de south an' east."

"You mean the whole ice fields are all the time going out to sea?"

"Yes. Dat's what dem is."

"Well, then," asked Bob, with a sudden and terrifying wonder, "what becomes of them?"

"Oh, dem melts, out dere."

"All this ice we're on now—it'll melt pretty soon?"

"Yes. 'Way out dere, somewheres." He gestured widely. "More ice all de time comin' down from Greenland an' de Labrador."

BOB felt very queer. So then, even if they could live on the ice, a week or so would find them carried far into the open Atlantic, on loose pans and drifting slob ice. And after that—

"We'd better keep going north, then," said he, "till we're picked up."

"Dat's all rate, if us is picked up," explained Abram. "But de ice drift about two mile an hour, an' dere ain't no man livin' as can walk dat fast over rough ice, an' kip it up."

"What had we better do?"

"Jus' what I'm tellin' you, Shrewbie. Bide rate here, an' trust to luck somebody kim along. No use tryin' to reach de land, or kip ahead o' de drift by walkin' north. If us ain't picked up—"

"Well, what?"

"Us'll get out in de blue drop, dat's all."

In the lee of a clumper they built a tiny fire with the shavings Abram had in his pocket, and with strips of seal fat from the bag. Abram counted his matches and found he still had eleven—not a very liberal supply; but then, the boys had to face the fact that, if they were not picked up before they had built eleven more fires, they would certainly be beyond any need of them or of anything else.

After a meagre meal and a rest of about half an hour, Abram got up, stretched himself and climbed the clumper at the base of which they had eaten. Bob also made shift to scramble to its top. Still no sign of life met their anxious gaze. Save for a vast-looking iceberg that had drawn into view on the northern horizon, the frozen world remained vacant.

"Nothing doing," said Bob. "No smoke. Nothing."

"Dat'm so, Shrewbie. But we'm liable to sight a steamer, any time."

Bob pointed at the berg, which presented a curious appearance. Against the slate-blue belt of cloud at the icy rim of the world, it looked like a jagged piece of some white material carved out and pasted on; or again, like a patch cut out of a gray curtain, letting a milky white light shine through its mysteriously transparent depths.

"Funny we didn't sight that berg before," said Bob.

"No. Her comin' along south all de time, dat'm all."

"Well, but we're going south, too."

"Yes, but a berg travel faster dan de ice pack. De current, way down deep, got hold o' her. Bergs, dem goes plowin' rate through de ice. Sometimes," he added, "when de wind blowin' towards de north de ice pack drift north; but de bergs allus kip a-goin' south. Dem go rippin' an' growlin' through de ice, an' nothin' can't stop 'em."

"Oh, I see. Well, that's not much good to us. I wish that berg was a steamer!"

"No use wishin', Shrewbie. If you'm wishin', make a good big wish, why don't ye, an' wish us was both back to St. John's! Come on, now, let's get goin'. Mebbe us find some whitey-coats to help us have a sleep."

ONCE more the boys set out, this time toward the northwest, in which direction Abram figured most of the steamers of the sealing fleet might lie. Not until hours later when the light had begun to fade did they hear the cry of a white-coat. In five minutes more Bob had sighted a number of the downy white creatures.

As the boys drew near, several mother seals took alarm and fled, humping themselves over the ice with their peculiar, undulating motion. With a derisive wave of the "scutters," or hind flippers, they vanished down bobbing-holes. The young, however, could not follow.

"See de old uns go!" exclaimed Abram. "So lang as dem got dey bobbin'-holes open, pretty hard to come a-nigh 'em. Good sunny day, though, when dem ridin' de ice to get a warm, you can come handy enough to bat 'em wid de gaff."

"Yes, and if the ice closes up the holes," said Bob, panting a little with the effort of keeping up to his friend, "you can get them then, can't you?"

"Sometimes. But if de old uns gets nipped on de ice, dat way fifty or sixty of 'em will run all togedder in a heap, an' make such a weight dat dem breaks through. Ain't dat a funny, knowin' way, now? Ain't de swiles wonnerful knowledgeable?"

"I should say so," agreed Bob, wondering at this inexplicable instinct. "It's lucky for us that the white-coats can't swim."

"It sarny is, Shrewb. But dem don't never dip till de last o' March. So we'm sure to get some, now. We'm sure to get a sleep, dis time!"

"How are you going to work it?"

"You wait. I'm goin' to do same as what my Uncle Joe done, one time he got ketched out on de ice. You'll see!"

They came up to the first of the little colony of white-coats. Bob could see far more



All Bob's sense of direction became confused, and it seemed as if he and Abram were going back whence they came

plainly than from the Invincible's deck what truly beautiful little animals the young harp seals are.

Soft, round-bodied creatures, three to four feet long, they lay there on the ice, which the heat of their bodies had melted into shallow, cradlelike depressions. Their thick, silky fur was creamy-white; their noses black, with slitlike nostrils that opened and closed with each breath. Long "smellers," as the whiskers are called, curved from the upper lip. The eyes were large, brown, appealing; the flippers resembled little soft hands.

"Aren't they pretty, though?" exclaimed Bob, realizing that white-coats are probably the most engaging young animals in the world. He felt a pang at thought of how ruthlessly the sealers kill them, for the skins and fat.

But this was no time for any but utilitarian reflections. Abram, laughing with delight, knelt beside one of the inert and harmless baby seals and stroked its fur.

"You'm a fine little feller!" he exclaimed. "Don't you go gittin' scarrity, now. Us ain't goin' to do you narr bit o' damage. All us wants o' you is some o' dat warm, you got too much of!"

"You mean," asked Bob, beginning to understand, "you're going to use 'em to keep us warm, while we sleep?"

"Dat'm de idee, Shrewb. Whitey-jackets is de warmest-blooded critters in de world. Dem has to be, to live out here on de ice, dis way. Dem jus' a bag o' fat an' warm."

Without delay, Abram cast off his heavy pack and set to work. He picked out two of the largest white-coats. He and Bob dragged them—unresisting as stuffed toy-animals—under the lee of a pinnacle. There Abram firmly tied one to the other with spun-yarn, attaching the two flippers of each to those of the other, and doing likewise with the scutters, but leaving a distance of about a couple of feet between the seals.

"Dat'm de beginnin' of our camp," smiled Abram, when this work was done. "De walls of un, you might say. Now us got to have a floor an' roof. Us got to have some pelts."

Leaving Bob with the two harnessed white-coats, which lay quite still and showed no signs of activity except for shedding large, round tears, Abram departed. He came back after a while, towing a couple of white pelts with the gaff. Another trip, and he brought two more.

"Now you get de nunch-bag," he directed, "an' us'll be ready to camp down fer de night."

Their camp—"Camp White-Coat," they jestingly called it—was very quickly and simply established by putting two of the pelts, hair-side up, on the ice between the passive white-coats, then lying down on the warm fur and dragging over them the other two pelts, hair-side down. The warmth of

this rude bed, supplemented by the living heat of the captive seals, stole through their tired bodies with a delicious wooing to sleep.

Lying there beside Abram, surrounded on all sides by soft fur, Bob thought he had never in his life felt anything so delicious as this strange shelter from the cold. He pulled his rude fur cap far down over his ears, and with something almost like enjoyment breathed the keen Arctic air.

"I bet we'll get picked up tomorrow, Abram," he said, with reviving hope.

"Mebbe so, Shrewb. I'll sarny be glad to get abird some steamer. An' I'll be glad to see home, too."

"Where d'you live, Abram?"

"Pincher Island. Dat'm up in Bonavis Bay. Me an' my Uncle Joe, us got a tilt [hut] dere. My mudder died when I was a little un, an' my fadder, he got drowned off de Labrador, four year ago."

"That's too bad," said Bob. "What do you do, when you're home?"

"Oh, huntin' an' birdin' wid Uncle Joe, round de bay. An' summers, coddin' on de Labrador."

"And don't you go to school at all?"

"Narr bit! Us got no school."

"I thought every place had a school!"

"Not in Newfoundland. I don't know hardly nobody as can read an' write."

"That's too bad. Ever in the States?"

"No. But I know one feller as went coddin' out o' Gloucester las' summer. He say it'm a wonnerful fine place. An' dem Yankee schooners, dey good enough to eat!" Abram waxed enthusiastic. "De States, dat must be one great place, Shrewb. I hearn de' Mericans eats soft bread every day, an' fresh meat three or four times a week."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Bob, amazed that

grievous peril, out there on the ice pack under the pitiless Arctic sky, for the first time he realized how wonderful his life had really been at home in Boston. The supposed trials and tribulations of study and examinations, and sometimes of denial of longed-for things, now faded into nothingness. If he could once get home again, how small such troubles would seem! He wondered if he ever would want to leave home again.

Bob's thoughts grew vague there in the warmth of the improvised camp of fur. Evening had fully come. The heavens were darkening to an immeasurable purple vault, with here and there a star beginning to glimmer forth. The north was beginning to glow with a pale, greenish curtain, arching the pole; a curtain that swung slow folds faded, leaped, shot to the zenith.

Under that glow, under the watching stars, the wilderness of ice heaved in slow-rhythmed swells, rocking the castaways on the breast of abysmal black waters.

After a while, Bob spoke again.

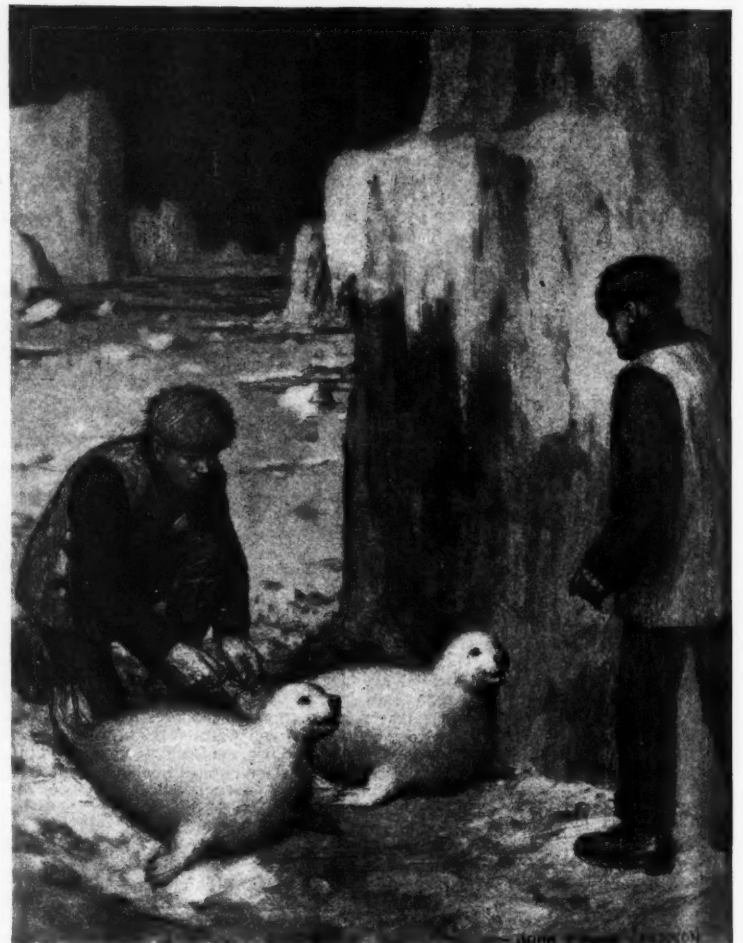
"Jiminy, this is pretty good, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh," Abram grunted. "Get your knees out o' my back, Shrewb!"

Bob took another position, even more comfortable than the first. He felt that he should pity the captive white-coats, but somehow pity wouldn't come. Quietly the little creatures lay there. They really didn't seem to mind, in the least. They were quite silent now, not even mewling. Bob could feel the rapid heart-beats of the one next to him; but that the white-coat felt any fear or inconvenience seemed doubtful. No young animal is less emotional than a seal, just as no boy is less emotional than an Eskimo.

"I bet we sight that ship tomorrow," said Bob at last.

No answer. Abram was asleep. Bob's thoughts became hazy. His eyes



Abram and Bob grabbed the young seals—unresisting as stuffed toy animals—under the lee of a pinnacle. Abram firmly tied one to the other

anyone could know nothing about the United States except such trivial details. "Would you like to go there?"

"Would I? Sarny would! But what chanst I got? I wouldn't see money enough, workin' all my life, to get down dere!"

Bob made no answer, but as he lay there beside Abram many and new thoughts came crowding to his brain. Now, lost and in

closed. He breathed deeply, tried to plan, to wonder—but oblivion took him.

And as the lost boys slumbered, steadily down from the north, grinding and crushing its resistless way like a titanic juggernaut car, the huge iceberg came bearing toward them.

There came something else, too—a call, across the frozen wilderness. Faint, far, but

now and then thinly echoing among the jumbled peaks and pinnacles, that call drifted through the night.

A human voice it was, crying for help to the insensate ice and stars and northern lights—the voice of some one else lost and wandering upon the desolation of the pack.

As night deepened the mysterious cry for help died away, but with the crimson glow of dawn once more it feebly began to sound among the waste places of the great white wilderness. Abram, first to waken, was suddenly brought to keen attention. He dragged himself out of the furs under which he and Bob had warmly and safely passed the night. He listened a moment, then seized Bob excitedly by the arm.

"Shrewb!" he exclaimed. "Dere'm somebody a-hollerin' out yander. Get up, Shrewbie. Get up!" Then he turned and shouted between cupped hands, "Hayloo! Hay-looooo!" After about a quarter of an hour of pushing their way through an in-

nite confusion of ice ruins the boys caught sight of something dark against a clumper, something that was moving, signaling.

"DERE him is!" cried Abram, gripping Bob's arms. "Anodder lost man, like ourseffs. Ain't us wonderf'ul lucky? Blame me if dat ain't ole Uncle Peter March, off de Invincible!" Then, crying loudly: "Hey dere! Uncle Pete, dat you?" "Yehhhh!" came back the cry. "Who you?"

"Abe Stirge, an' de Boston feller. What's matter, you don't kim along dis way?"

"Can't go, Abram. Ice-blind!" "For de love o' Loo!" exclaimed the stowaway. "Ice-blind, an' lost from de ship. Say, Shrewbie, us got to see 'bout dat. Ice-blind, is he? Well, now—"

Together they struggled forward over barriers and in a very few minutes had come up to Uncle Peter March. As they rounded the last hummock, Uncle Peter stretched

out his mittened hands toward them, venturing to shuffle a bit, over the ice.

"De Lor' be praised!" cried he hoarsely. "I t'ought me day had kim, b'ys. Is de ship handy to we?"

"Narr ship!" explained Abram, while Bob stared with wonder. "Us lost, too. But us be all rate, so fur. How's things wid you, Uncle?"

"Porely, b'y, porely. Narr bite to eat, sence yestiddy, an' harf a day blind. Kim handy to freezin' last night, too. Dis here'd of been my last day, b'ys, clearn o' you findin' me."

"Get any sleep, Uncle?"

"Narr pick. But I ain't mind dat so much as starvin'. Got any grub, has ye?"

"Plenty swile."

"Oh, we'm all rate, den. Swile is meat an' drink to we!"

Bob wondered at the unemotional quality of the meeting. Uncle Peter March and Abram did not shake hands or indulge in

any exclamations. There were neither commiserations nor forebodings. This happening, dramatic as it was, seemed to these strange, strong people only a commonplace event.

Now Bob looked with astonishment and pity at the sealer, a man of perhaps forty-five, though, like many of his kind, he looked far older. Uncle Peter was of that hardy breed which endures cold, hunger and hardship without a murmur, and which survives disasters that would kill the ordinary American. He was whiskered, rugged, stockily built. His eyes were fast closed, from the snow-blindness; his face looked parboiled with frost. He was warmly enough dressed, however, with a dirty gray sweater under his canvas jacket, with heavy cap and "skinny-woppers." Over his shoulder hung a tow-line. A gaff lay near him. His belt contained a sheath knife and a sharpening steel. All these things were valuable equipment indeed.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

His Lone Adventure

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS

DENNIE O'CONNOR—on his way to Hayland City to visit his married sister—was greatly disappointed when they found the bridge at Buffalo River crossing gone and the valley filled with a roaring yellow flood. The stage could not cross that day. Somewhere up the valley there had been a cloudburst in the Big Horn Mountains.

"Sorry, my boy," said the stage driver, "but I'll have to put my saddle and the mail sack on old Dan and swim across. You can ride the other hoss back to your pa's and ask him to send after the hack. I'll pay proper for that job."

Dennie's home was three miles back over the mountain road. He was about to mount the abandoned stage horse when he remembered that some days before his two unmarried sisters Helen and Mollie and their summer visitors had left the tent umbrella of the ranch on the "shelf" at the mouth of Sheep Cañon. He knew that it would be his job sooner or later to go after it; so he chose to go now. He tied the stage horse to the hack and set out.

HELEN and Mollie and their visitors had spent a day camping on the mountains. Four of them had ridden ponies from O'Connor's ranch over a mountain ridge as near to Sheep Cañon as they could get. The tent umbrella they had brought along strapped to an extra horse to shade them while they took their dinner and did their sight-seeing on the famous Sheep Cañon shelf. After they had dismounted they found it comparatively easy to carry the umbrella down the mountain ridge, but to lug it back up the heights at the end of a strenuous day had seemed to them too hard work, and they had left it behind.

The tent umbrella was made of stout canvas stretched over iron ribs. It had been made at the O'Connor blacksmith shop. When open, it was eight feet wide. The O'Connors used it not only as a camp shelter but, partly open and with its handle thrust into a hole in a seat, as a seat umbrella on a mountain wagon.

Dennie had a hard, slow climb up to the cañon. He was tired when he reached the shelf. That small flat ledge top, a few yards wide and almost semicircular in shape, is right at the mouth of Sheep Cañon, which cuts into the heart of a mountain ledge that rises almost perpendicularly above it for a hundred feet or more. The shelf itself is at the rim of a precipice that drops for nearly two thousand feet into the gorge through which Buffalo River runs.

The elevated perch was a favorite resort of the O'Connors, especially when they had summer visitors to entertain. Dennie found the big canvas tent umbrella folded and thrust into the only available crevice in the side of the ledge near one end of the shelf.

Round the mountain tops to the northwest black clouds had gathered; Dennie could hear the distant mutterings of thunder. In that part of the Big Horn country the local rains frequently take the form of cloudbursts. At such times floods roar down the valleys as if from a bursted dam.

After eating his lunch Dennie, still feeling tired and seeing nothing unusual in the distant storms, laid the tent umbrella down, stretched himself upon the folded canvas and went fast asleep. Though a tremendous storm came on and raged in the mountains near by, he was not awake until he felt water washing against his legs and running down his back. He found a stream several inches deep running over the shelf. Springing to his feet, he looked up the cañon and saw a great volume of water pouring down upon him. As the torrent mounted high and higher the water spread out over the shelf. He had come for the tent umbrella and he had seized it as he rose, and now he carried it as he ran toward the mouth of the cañon.

There was one possible way to ascend the ledge. That was a roughly notched slope that could be reached only by going a little distance up the usually dry waterway. But before Dennie had waded half the distance to it he was more than knee-deep in a rising flood, which threatened at any moment to sweep him off his feet. He could go no farther. He wheeled and, hugging the cliff, made his way back to the widest part of the shelf. He did not think that the water would rise high enough at that point to carry him over the precipice.

Of that, however, he could not be sure. Thrusting the umbrella top into the crevice whence he had taken it, he jammed it in as hard and fast as he could. The projecting handle would be something to cling to if the current should get strong enough to take him off his feet. As Sheep Cañon is only four or five miles long, he knew that the torrent would dwindle when the rain stopped.

For some minutes the boy believed himself to be safe. Yet he looked on in uneasy wonder at the tumble of waters that came roaring from the mouth of the cañon. He had never imagined that the short mountain waterway could carry such a torrent. From the shelf the water leaped into space, and so long was its fall that he could hear no sound. A great cloud of mist, however, rose from the gorge.

He quickly became aware that the flood, great as its volume was, had not reached its height. The torrent was yet mounting; on the shelf the water grew deeper and deeper and the current stronger. He soon stood thigh-deep in a current that but for his hold on the handle of the big umbrella would have

carried him instantly off the shelf. He had looked again and again in vain for any hold that would enable him to lift his feet even for a brief time out of the rising current. He gazed fascinated at the water that was shooting like a solid bar from the cañon.

ONCE more he turned his gaze into the depths of the gorge behind him. What an awful descent! Was he, Dennie O'Connor, soon to be hurled over the shelf and down into those clouds of steam? He would soon be swept off his feet, his weight would dislodge the great umbrella, and then—

While death thus stared him in the face he suddenly remembered the feat of a circus man at Buffalo Forks who after ascending a mile in a balloon had dropped to earth in a parachute. That parachute had certainly looked no bigger than the umbrella tent to the handle of which his own wrist was tied. And the balloonist had surely weighed fifty pounds more than he.

Acting upon impulse and instinct, Dennie wheeled, jerked the tent umbrella from its hold, opened it and rushed with the current over the edge of the shelf. He gripped the handle with both hands above his knotted handkerchief. The impetus that he had gained in his rush and leap sent him clear of the flood, which, however, was dissipated into a fine mist before it had fallen two hundred feet.

Dennie did not fall under the current. A high wind eddying up from the gorge caught him and carried him out from the face of the cliff. He found himself buoyantly upheld and sailing like a great bird over the immense depth of the mountain gap.

As he was borne hither and thither, securely gripping the handle of his stout and ample parachute, fear departed from him in a thrill of exhilaration. For a little while it seemed as if he were not falling at all, but merely flying leisurely out over the valley. He wondered how and where he should manage to alight.

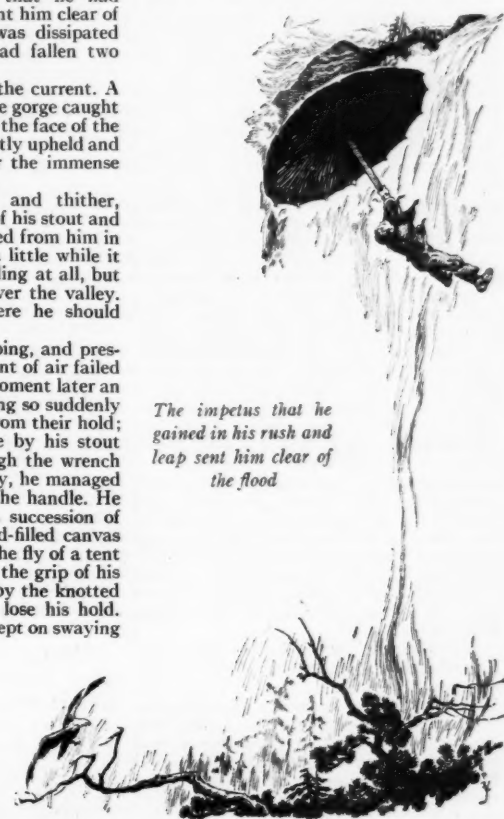
Nevertheless, he was dropping, and presently, when the upward current of air failed him, he dropped swiftly. A moment later an upward gust checked his falling so suddenly that his hands were jerked from their hold; for a moment he hung there by his stout bandana handkerchief. Though the wrench to his wrist pained him keenly, he managed to get both hands again on the handle. He now began to go down in a succession of spirals and zigzags. The wind-filled canvas above his head crackled like the fly of a tent in a fierce gale. He tightened the grip of his muscular hands and, helped by the knotted handkerchief, did not again lose his hold. For a while the big umbrella kept on swaying and jerking and then, caught in a new current of strong wind, swept halfway across the valley. Dennie now found himself directly above the swollen current of Buffalo River. The waters, the rocks, the trees seemed to be

rushing up at him. Only when the umbrella came with a jerk to the end of one of its zigzag swoops could he realize that it was he that was moving.

Then the rocks and the trees seemed to vanish and only the flood seemed to be springing upward at him. It rose at him with amazing swiftness—the next moment the rippling, muddy waves were at his feet. He splashed into them, and the roar of the waters was in his ears. The next instant he was struggling with his free hand to get to the surface.

As a diver and swimmer Dennie was expert enough; but he was well-nigh strangled before he fought his way back to the surface and could catch his breath. Then he saw his parachute, half-submerged and turned inside out, floating ahead of him. Wrecked though it was, it served to keep him afloat while he got out his pocketknife and freed the hand that was tied to the handle. That done, he swam ashore on the side of the river on which his home was.

None of the O'Connors ever saw their handy tent umbrella again, but when Dennie had told his story they all felt that their big sunshade had done them service enough.



The impetus that he gained in his rush and leap sent him clear of the flood

FACT AND COMMENT

THERE is no one so liable to be angry with others as he who is ill at ease with himself.—From The Youth's Companion, June 2, 1830.

AN ENGLISH VISITOR to this country brought over with him the word "smog," which he offers us as a description of that kind of fog, blackened and made opaque by soft-coal smoke, with which London and many of our Mid-Western cities are familiar. The word may never get into the dictionaries, but it is an ingenious construction worthy of Lewis Carroll himself, the inventor of "portmanteau" words.

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY who lives in Lynn, Mass., was so discouraged by the depth of snow on the sidewalk in front of his house that he ran away rather than shovel it. When he was found, two days later, and taken home, instead of expressing or feeling any shame or remorse at the cowardly shirking, he was delighted to find that the walk had been cleared. Unless something works a reformation in him, his life will be a melancholy failure. Into each life some snow must fall. The real man loses no time in removing it from his pathway.

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, we learn from a writer who lives among them, rarely spend more than \$25 a month on both tuition and living expenses. Some there are who cut that figure in half. The American college boy who is expected to spend less than four times that thinks he is imposed upon; most students at the larger universities probably spend nearer six times twenty-five dollars a month. In a few words this contrast gives us an illuminating glimpse of the difference between the wealth and the living standards of Germany after the war and those of the United States.

THE SPEAKING VOICE

It was a beautiful violin, the proportions were right, the curve of the neck and head was just what it should be, the color was dark and rich, and the polish such as only time and loving care can give.

"It looks like a genuine old Cremona," said the connoisseur, "but give me the bow." He drew it once or twice across the strings, then laid it down, and the violin with it. "No," he said, "it's only an ordinary fiddle. A real old Cremona always speaks with the voice of a gentleman. This talks like an auctioneer."

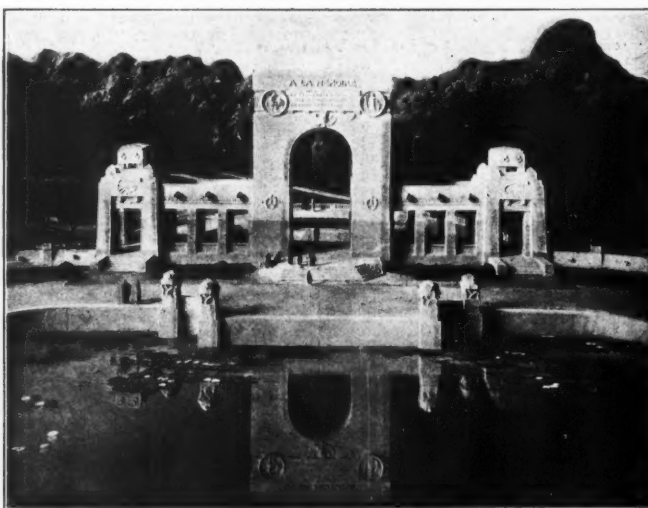
In how many business offices, how many social gatherings, is that experience repeated! A boy comes in to apply for a job. He has a good face, is clean and well-dressed, and looks intelligent; but when he speaks, his loud, harsh tones dominate the room, or he talks with the hoarse croak of a frog. A young guest meets for the first time a new hostess, the center of a delightful group, whose society may mean much to her. The girl, too, is charming and highly cultivated, but her voice has all the soothing melody of a slate pencil rasped across the edge of a mustard box. She will not do.

There is probably no other thing to which young people pay so little attention as to their speaking voices—nor any to which they could profitably devote so much. It is a matter that cannot be learned from books, but comes only by taking thought, by self-training. The screaming habit, formed in early games and too often confirmed on the larger playgrounds of school and college, sets a pitch that often lasts through life; and the crowds and hurry and competition of modern city life help to maintain it.

In contrast, how arresting is a low, well-modulated voice! Amid the harsh and strident din of ordinary speech it finds its way instantly to the grateful ear and commands the attention it deserves.

"When I find the interest of an audience wavering," said a public speaker, "I lower my voice instead of raising it. That always brings them back."

The Harvard award for the best retail advertisements in the United States was won last year by R. H. Macy & Co. of New York. That concern owed its success to the simple plan of using small advertisements, in quiet, modest type, on pages where almost every other voice was screaming. It was like the song of a hermit thrush in a chorus of crows. People caught the note and paused to listen, and remembered.



The memorial to the American aviators of the Lafayette Escadrille who gave their lives during the Great War. It is given by William Nelson Cromwell of New York and is being erected at Saint-Cloud, just outside of Paris

THE QUEST OF GOODNESS

By Charles R. Brown, Dean of the Divinity School of Yale University

THERE is a feeling in some quarters that being good is dull work. There are men who speak as if wickedness is always interesting while righteousness is tame and spiritless. My own feeling is that all those people are as crazy as they would be if they went about insisting that two and two make five or fifty. The finest form of adventure upon which any man ever enters is his own personal quest for goodness.

Have you ever heard about the Bishop whose name was "Welcome"? When he was made a Bishop he found that the Bishop's Palace had in it sixty large rooms, while the little town hospital across the street had only six.

"How many patients have you here?" the Bishop asked the head physician.

"Twenty-six."

"Your beds are crowded, and your rooms are poorly ventilated."

"Yes, Your Lordship," replied the doctor, "but what can we do?"

"There is some mistake here," said the Bishop. "It is clear that you have my house and I have yours."

So he had the sick people all moved over into the Bishop's Palace with its sixty rooms, and he lived in the little one-story hospital. That interested the people of the Diocese—they had never seen it in that fashion before.

He announced one Sunday that he intended to go up into the mountains to visit some poor shepherds who were keeping their flocks there. The mountains were infested with brigands, and the Mayor of the town protested against his going.

"You would need an escort of soldiers," the Mayor said, "and even then you would imperil their lives as well as your own."

"For that reason," the Bishop said, "I shall go without an escort."

"The brigands will rob you."

"I have nothing."

"They will kill you."

"A harmless old priest passing along muttering his prayers—what good would that do them?"

"What if you meet them?"

"I shall ask them for alms for my poor."

The Mayor saw that he could not do anything with a man like that.

The Bishop set out the next morning. He found the shepherds and spent the week with them, telling them about the goodness of God, and administering to them the Holy Communion, which they had not received for years. When he came back he brought with him a bag of treasure, gold, silver and precious stones, which had been sent to him there in the mountains with this inscription pinned upon it: "To Bishop Welcome from Cravatte." Now Cravatte was the ringleader of the brigands. And when the Bishop was showing his treasure to his curate he remarked:

"To those who are satisfied with little, God sends much."

"God," the curate replied, "or the devil?"

The Bishop looked at him searchingly and answered, "God."

This Bishop received into his own house one night a discharged convict, a man who had been a desperate criminal. He called the rough fellow "Monsieur." He seated him at his own right hand at supper and gave him the best room in the house. And by the sheer strength of his own faith and love he transformed the man into an honest citizen.

Bishop Welcome was like his Master. His goodness was not simply the rule-keeping sort. It was simple, genuine and spontaneous. His life also was "the light of men." Wherever he went men walked in that light toward Heaven.

Where goodness is real, it is the poetry of human existence. It is human action set to music and singing the tune that the morning stars sang together. That type of goodness, lifted up, draws men to it.

SALESMEN ON SNOWSHOES

WHAT opportunities for advancement are there for the boy or young man who goes to work for a big corporation that puts him to work in a field remote from headquarters? How is he to make himself an individual, a personality, to the high-ups that know him only as a name on the payroll? An answer from real life is worth more than any amount of didactic preaching, and here is that kind of answer:

A day or two after the great snowstorm of February a young man who is state supervisor of salesmen for an important and expensive article of household equipment started on his weekly trip through Vermont, the state that constitutes his territory. In one little town the local agent, also a young man, mentioned the fact that a nationally famous artist whose home is four miles outside the town had expressed some interest in the article they were selling, and had promised to take the matter up a little later.

"We will go out to see him," said the supervisor.

"I don't believe we can get there; the roads are too bad."

"We'll try it, anyway."

So they got a little short-bodied delivery car and put into it two pairs of snowshoes and two snow shovels and started.

As soon as they got outside the town one of them took a shovel and went ahead. When he had cleared the way for a few yards the other drove the car up and took his companion's place, while the other man sat in the car and rested. Then he, in turn, drove ahead, and the two changed places again. In that way they pushed to within a mile of their goal. There the road became absolutely impassable, and they put on snowshoes and made their way on foot, 'cross country.

The artist met them at the door, a look of astonishment on his face. "How on earth did you get here?" he asked. They told him, and why they had come. He laughed and asked them in, gave them a good luncheon, showed them round his beautiful estate, and when they finally sat down to talk business said to them, "I like your spirit. You deserve an order, and you're going to get it before you leave."

After that it was only a matter of details, and when the two young men started on their way back to town they carried with them a contract not for one installation alone, which was all they had hoped for, but for three, representing in the aggregate about a thousand dollars.

Has anyone, even the boy who takes care of your paths, earned more by a few hours of snow shoveling than those two youngsters earned on that trip? By their enterprise and their willingness to do a little real work they made not only a customer but a friend whose name would have been worth money to their company even if they had put in the installation free.

Ask the head of any live organization what he would do with young men like these, and you will have an answer that will probably be both emphatic and illuminating.

ONE MORE AMENDMENT

ONE of the most popular projects for constitutional amendment is that which changes the date of the inauguration of President and Vice-President from March to January and the meeting of the newly elected Congress from December to the same time in the preceding January. There is no good argument against such a change, and many good arguments in favor of it; nevertheless none of the many joint resolutions that have been introduced into Congress have ever passed both houses. Such is the power of tradition and of Congressional inertia. Another resolution, calling for submitting such an amendment to the states, has passed the Senate with only two votes against it. The House Committee on Elections has reported it favorably. It now remains to be seen whether the House will actually pass it. The resolution also gives Congress power to designate an acting President in case no one is chosen by the electoral vote and the two houses fail to elect, as the Constitution directs, before the inauguration day arrives. If it passes both houses of Congress, we predict that there will be little opposition to the enactment of the amendment.

MISCELLANY

A LEPER, BUT—

"Now, Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man . . . but he was a leper."

Ten thousand sermons have been preached on these words with emphasis on the little word "but." A much smaller number have been preached on the same words, and with the emphasis on the same word, but with the clauses inverted: "Naaman was a leper, but he was captain of the host of the king of Syria, and a great man."

He must have been a great man to have retained his position in spite of his disability. Presumably his case was not yet one of extreme severity. But it was no secret. People knew it and whispered it whenever he passed. He knew what they were saying to one another about him.

Naaman was a leper. It was a horrible discovery when he first made it. He tried to think that it could not be true. He consulted innumerable physicians. They looked grave and consulted together and told him it was unfortunately true. He had to tell the king, and the king was sad, but told him that he could not at present spare the experience and courage of Naaman, and that he must keep on for the present in his position.

Naaman was a leper, but he was a man of such outstanding ability and character that he held his job in spite of it. Naaman was a leper, but he met the terrible ordeal like a brave man. Naaman was a leper, but he was so fine a man in his own home that even the little captive maid held him in respect and tried to do something, did do something, to help him.

Yes, Naaman was a leper, and the fact that later he was healed has nothing to do with our present study of the case. Being a leper, he still kept himself as clean and sanitary as he knew how, and fastened his uniform in true soldierly manner and girded on his sword and led his men to victory.

He got well—ah, yes, but let us forget that just now. Not every such man does get well. Naaman had no assurance that he would ever recover. It was when he was not expecting recovery that he manifested those traits of character which as it happened ultimately brought recovery, but which he made a part of his life when recovery was not in sight.

Leprosy is not a very cheerful symbol of what must be the application of this incident to our own lives. Every life has its handicaps; few of these, fortunately, are so serious as that of Naaman. Of handicapped people there are two kinds. Of one kind people say, "He has these fine qualities, but—" and of the other kind they say, "He has this handicap, but—" The difference depends, not in the word "but," but in whether the emphasis is on the handicap or on the qualities that insure success in spite of it.

HE UNDERSTOOD "FATIGUE" DUTY ANYWAY

In Mr. Seymour Hicks's amusing book, *Chestnuts Reroasted* there is this story of a British regiment that was stationed some years ago in Egypt.

The full strength were taken on a route march of sixteen miles into the desert, and on being ordered to halt the colonel addressed them, saying, "The officers will lunch—the men can do for themselves." When he and his subordinates had finished their repast it came to his knowledge that there was a great deal of grumbling amongst the rank and file, who had been badly fed and were foot-sore and weary.

So when the order had been given for the men to fall in he took his stand before them and asked with some severity if they knew what discipline meant. He followed with a severe lecture on the subject and ended by saying, "Any man who does not want to march the sixteen miles back to barracks take three paces to the front."

Like a flash the whole regiment stepped forward with the exception of a very small, thin Tommy, who did not budge an inch.

The colonel looked at him with pride and, patting him on the back, said: "So you, my man, are the only soldier who understands what duty really means. I am proud of you. You are a credit to the regiment. You of all these men are ready and able to march back the sixteen miles, are you?"

"No, I'm not, sir," said the private; "I'm not able to walk the three paces forward."



THE LAST OF THE KING'S PINES

COMPANION readers who remember Mr. C. A. Stephens's story *When They Cut the King's Pines* will be interested to see this photograph of an ancient pine tree in Hiram, Maine, which is locally known as the King's Pine. The finest growths of pine in colonial days were always set aside for the inspection of the king's officers, in order that the finest possible sticks of lumber might be secured for the masts of the ships in the royal navy. This lone pine, which still stands, not far from Wadsworth Hall, the mansion of Gen. Peleg Wadsworth of Revolutionary fame, was once a part of such a choice growth of pine. It owes its preservation, no doubt, to the fact that it stands at the bottom of a rather deep swale from which it would have been difficult to extract the great log. The tree is more than one hundred feet high and five feet in diameter at the butt. Foresters say it is several hundred years old and may have been standing as a sapling when Columbus discovered America.

BARRIE'S LOVE LETTER TO A VENERABLE LADY

ONE of the most remarkable women of her time, Mary Elizabeth Haldane, mother of Lord Haldane, who is a former Lord Chancellor of England, died last May six weeks after she had celebrated her one hundredth birthday.

Her story of those hundred years, supplemented by her daughter and son, has now been published. Among the many eminent men who enjoyed her friendship is Sir James Barrie, and what he describes as "frankly a love letter," written to her by him when she was ninety-nine, is quoted in the book.

"You have a 'personality,' if ever any one had. . . . I see you vividly knitting that shawl (to which my compliments) and looking the dearest person I have seen for years and years. You really do make the intruder into that serene room feel more hopeful about the world."

"Some of the loveliest lines in English poetry are very like you. It would not be bad to call you an ode to immortality. Of course, I am using strong language, but this is frankly a love letter."

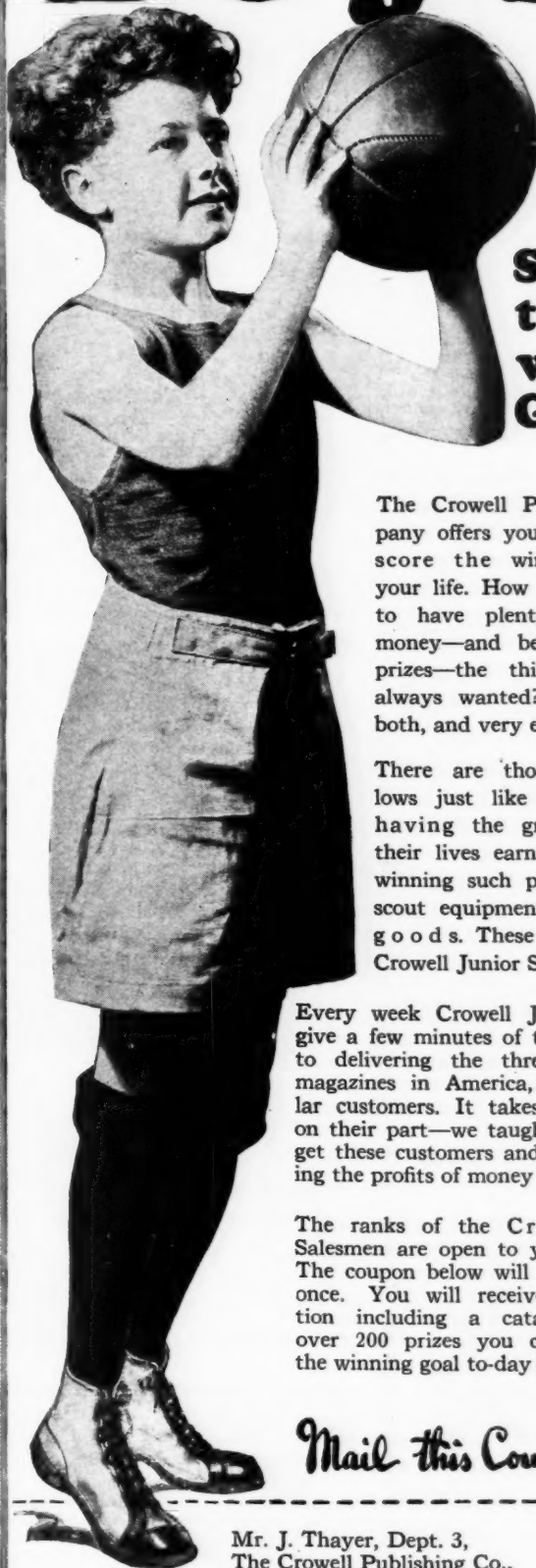
"I know a great deal more about your son now. I know, for instance, who is his 'spiritual home.'"

GETTING THE WORST OF IT AT BOTH ENDS

LITTLE Mary always had an objection ready to hand either about going to bed at night or getting up in the morning. One night, when her mother reminded her that it was her bedtime, she said:

"It isn't fair. At night you tell me I'm too little to stay up, and in the morning you say that I'm too big to stay in bed."

Boys!



Score the winning Goal!

The Crowell Publishing Company offers you the chance to score the winning goal of your life. How would you like to have plenty of spending money—and besides that win prizes—the things you have always wanted? You can do both, and very easily, too!

There are thousands of fellows just like you, who are having the greatest fun in their lives earning money and winning such prizes as radios, scout equipment, and sporting goods. These fellows are Crowell Junior Salesmen.

Every week Crowell Junior Salesmen give a few minutes of their spare time to delivering the three best known magazines in America, to their regular customers. It takes no experience on their part—we taught them how to get these customers and they are reaping the profits of money and prizes.

The ranks of the Crowell Junior Salesmen are open to you. Join now. The coupon below will start you in at once. You will receive full information including a catalogue showing over 200 prizes you can win. Score the winning goal to-day!

Mail this Coupon Now!

Mr. J. Thayer, Dept. 3,
The Crowell Publishing Co.,
Springfield, Ohio.

I want to score the winning goal!

My Name

Address

Town.....State.....



SPECIAL AWARD

"I built this chicken house last autumn," writes Associate Member C. Arthur Smith (16) of Wycombe, Pa. "It is built on runners, so I can move it to new places. Floor area, 12 by 12 feet. Three windows on front, three on top. Cost \$56.00. I earned the money myself from my chickens. Will paint the house maroon red this spring."



SPECIAL AWARD

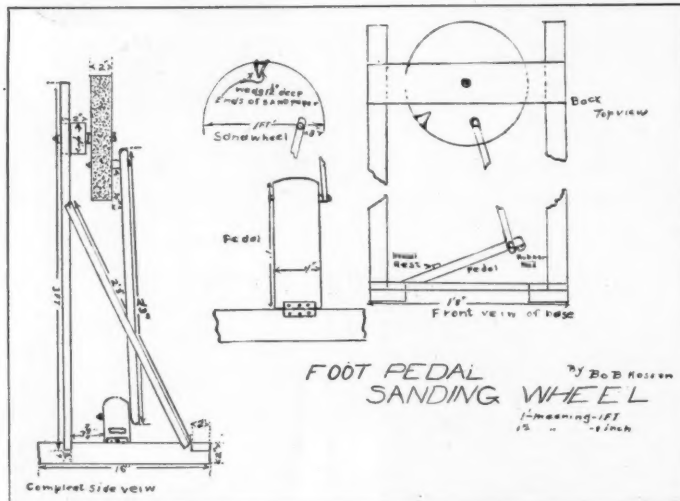
Associate Member Stephen Crum (16) of Scooby, Mont., reports that this topsail sloop is 14 inches long, with a 1 1/2-pound lead keel. The Y. C. Lab will present plans for model sailboats and motor boats in early summer.

Associate Members Elected February 12, 1926

Alvin Abbott, Sharon Springs, N. Y. *Wren House*
R. Lawrence Adams, Corry, Pa. *Kite Messenger*
Uro Aho, R. F. D. 4, Box 70, East Conneaut, Ohio. *Camp*
J. Perry Austin, Box 113, R. 1, Three Oaks, Mich. *Magazine Rack*
Philip L. Austin, Box 113, R. 1, Three Oaks, Mich. *Jardiniere*
Stanford Baer, 322 East Main St., Ligonier, Pa. *Flower Pedestal*
Carl W. Barbey, 244 Carsonia Ave., Mt. Penn, Pa. *Model House*
Vilas Barnhart, R. F. D. 3, Waupaca, Wis. *One-cylinder Steam Engine*
Robison Batie, Omro, No. Dakota. *Model Truck*
Glen R. Bennett, Ansonia, Ohio. *Kitchen Utensil Rack*
Thomas E. Bissell, R. F. D., Terryville, Conn. *Watch Case Receiving Set*
Robert Bodkin, 534 E. Alleghany Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. *Rug Loom*
John Boyd, 217 West 5th Ave., Clearfield, Pa. *Model Steam Shovel*
Milton Boyd, Chelmsford, Mass. *Water Wheel*
Harold Brooks, Bancroft, So. Dakota. *Colored Pencils*
Clifton Cameron, Southern Pines, N. C. *Dog House*
Dean Carpenter, Box 35, Morris, N. Y. *Skate and Ski Sail*
Kermit Chambers, Box 376, Cheney, Wash. *Radio Receiving Set*
George Childers, 308 So. Walsh St., Garrett, Ind. *Key Rack*
Henry H. Choquette, 349 Kane St., Burlington, Wis. *Bird House*
Louis P. Choquette, 349 Kane St., Burlington, Wis. *Crystal Radio Receiver*
John C. Cochran, 1456 Pleasant Ave., Wellsburg, W. Va. *Book Rack*
Kenneth R. Cox, Sandwich, Ill. *Towel Holders*
Clarence Crandall, Box 234, Morris, N. Y. *Wrecking Truck*
Henry O. Dallmann, 2509 Nueces St., Austin, Texas. *One-tube Radio Set*
James E. Deasler, Box 142, Telford, Tenn. *Paddle Wheel Drive for Rowboats*
Frank W. Dobson, 330 North Avon St., Rockford, Ill. *"Dobsonette" Radio*
Charles Dodge, South Side, Owego, N. Y. *Hall Tree*
Elton Dostader, Onondaga, Mich. *Sleeve, using lamp from giant steam engine*
Benjamin Dreyer, 985 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. *Calendar Holder and Taburet*
A. Dunbar, Wayne Coal Co., Steubenville, Ohio. *Barrel Slave Skis*
Manuel B. Edquist, 435 West 10th St., Concordia, Kansas. *Footstool*
Howard Edwards, R. F. D. 4, Rock Hill, S. C. *Arm-chair Writing Desk*
Galo P. Emerson, Knowles Cottage, Tilton, N. H. *Strong Box*
Earl R. Eskleman, Route 8, Lancaster, Pa. *Rheostat*
Bret E. Evans, P. O. Box 98, LaCygne, Kansas. *Flag Pole and Stand*
George V. Feeley, Sanders, Montana. *Necktie Rack*
Charles Ferguson, Jr., 725 Marion St., Oak Park, Ill. *Hanging Bookcase*
Harold Frazer, Leaburg, Oregon. *Model Airplane*
Helmut Paul Frey, Route 1, Goessel, Kansas (Box 64). *Toy Steam Engine*
Laverne Grossnickle, R. 1, Box 10, Union Bridge, Md. *Costumer*
Karl S. Hagins, 1014 No. Francis St., Terrell, Texas. *Crystal Set Radio*
Earle A. Hale, R. F. D. 1, Manlius, N. Y. *Wren House*
Ralph Harrington, Sweet Hill Road, Plaistow, N. H. *Toy Automobile*
Robert Hart, E. 38th & Broadway, Rt. 2, Des Moines, Ia. *Box Trap*
Samuel Hartshorn, Hemet, California. *Bird House*
Eugene T. Hawkins, East Patchogue, N. Y. *Table Tennis Set*
Donald Hinde, 19 Wentworth Ave., Stoughton, Mass. *Two Single Circuit Sets*
Charles F. Hodge, 222 Winona Ave., Germantown, Pa. *Catboat*
Fulton Holtby, 14 Madison St., Geneva, N. Y. *Telegraph Set*
Richard Hoppin, Glasgow, Mont. *Miniature Theatre*
Daniel W. Ingersoll, Chestertown, Md. *Ring Stand*
Roy Jackson, Burdett, Alberta, Canada. *Steam Mill*

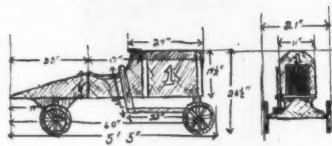
THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



SIXTEENTH WEEKLY AWARD OF \$5.00

Associate Member R. J. Kasson (15) of La Grange, Ill., submits this drawing of a foot-power sander designed and built by himself. He used white pine, which is easy to work. The Weekly Award is made for the excellence of his drawing. Pencil sketches are satisfactory as a qualification for membership, but Kasson used black drawing ink, which is necessary for clear reproduction in a magazine or book.



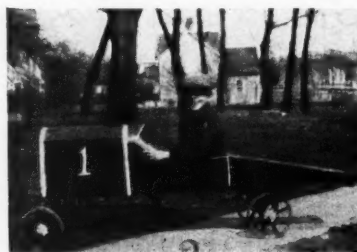
SPECIAL AWARD

Associate Member Arnold W. Ryan (13) of Lombard, Ill., is given a Special Award for his accurate drawing and description of this little pushmobile, including list of tools required and bill of costs. Coasting tests proved it the fastest pushmobile in Ryan's neighborhood, and its racing number is accordingly No. 1.



SPECIAL AWARD

Associate Member Stanley L. Johnson (16) of Nyack, N. Y., reports that this 15-foot sailboat required much labor, but that he built it last summer at a total cost of \$130.00, including sails, which represented a net saving of \$100.00, as compared with boats built by professional builders for the Phillips Manor Leaf Class. He raced it during last September, taking second place in the series. He adds: "Next summer I expect to work in a shipyard, where I will learn more about the fine art of handling tools."



ELECTION OF 99 NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

On this page appear not only some of the very interesting things being made by Associate Members of the Y. C. Lab Society but also a list of new Associate Members elected at a regular meeting of the Director, Governors and Councilors at the Engineers' Club, Boston, on February 12. Notices of election, buttons and ribbon have been sent to these boys, and their work is being carefully examined for future Weekly Awards and Special Awards.

Many of them, furthermore, are availing themselves of the opportunity to consult the Director and Councilors on all scientific, engineering and mechanical questions that come up in their own work. This is perhaps the most important feature of the Y. C. Lab. The counsel and guidance of its eminent scientists and engineers is available to every Member and Associate Member who cares to write for it, inclosing a stamped,

self-addressed envelope for a reply by mail.

Not every boy who applies for Associate Membership (the first step) is elected. But boys of good character and genuine interest in mechanics, engineering and boat building, wood and metal working, radio and applied arts of all kinds are cordially invited to join. To present your name for membership, sign and mail (or copy on a postal card) the coupon below, which will bring full information.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name.....
Address.....



SPECIAL AWARD

Associate Member Ralph Harrington (11) of Plaistow, N. H., made this amusing little car. "I bought the wheels," he said, "then went to the dump and got four tin cans for the mudguards. A shoe store supplied boxes for the body and hood. I secured an old oil cloth from my mother without too many holes in it for the top. The braces for the top were made from the remains of the shoe boxes."

SPECIAL AWARD

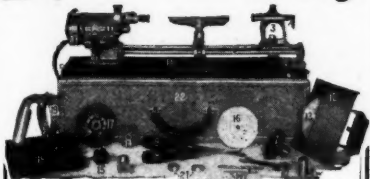
This desk, which looks remarkably like an antique, was made by Associate Member Charles Logan (15) of Middleboro, Mass. "I took two boxes to pieces for lumber," he writes. The desk is painted dark brown, and the drawer, when pulled out, serves as a brace.



Associate Members (Continued)

Stanley Johnson, 2 LaVeta Place, Nyack, N. Y. *Sail Boat*
Paul Kaestner, 13 Queen St., Worcester, Mass. *Electric Lamp*
R. J. Kasson, 38 W. Harris Ave., La Grange, Ill. *Foot Power Sanding Wheel*
William F. Kerr, P. O. Box 258, Lee, Mass. *Lamp, made from rapid-fire shell*
Charles Kinchelve, Route 4, Memphis, Mo. *Two-tube Radio Circuit*
Clarence Kiser, School St., Plainfield, Vt. *Weather Vane*
Vernon E. Koons, 221 N. Main St., St. Marys, Ohio. *Bird House*
Earl L. Krueger, Albion, Wis. (Box 47). *Crystal Set*
Jimmie Lampert, Box 377, Bayfield, Wis. *Bobbed Winfield H. Lippincott, 7 Morgan Ave., Palmyra, N. Y. Wall Desk*
Sylvan Little, 5706 Darlington Rd., Squirrel Hill, Pittsburgh, Pa. *Bird House*
Charles Logan, 11 Webster St., Middleboro, Mass. *Writing Desk*
Walter McCutcheon, 10 Wellington St., Brockton, Mass. *Chemistry*
Dorus Macy, Quincy, Ind. *Figure-four Box Trap*
Thomas Marvell, 318 Prospect St., Fall River, Mass. *Pile Driver*
Walter Michener, Jr., 715 E. Cheltenham Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. *Book Rack*
Elbert Miller, 63 Cooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y. *Wiring for Burglar Alarm*
Nils-Erik Nilsson, Grand View, Nyack, N. Y. *Miniature East*
James D. Parmele, 47 Cornelia St., Plattsburg, N. Y. *Candlesticks*
August Pawson, Granite, Okla. *Model Airplane*
James J. Prendergast, 45 Elm St., Westfield, N. Y. *Ice Boat*
Arthur E. Robinson, Jr., 1 Paul Revere Road, Arlington, Mass. *Model Schooner*
W. S. Robinson, Tekamah, Neb. *Gesso Picture Frame*
Blair Rouse, Orange, Va. *Tie Rack*
Arnold W. Ryan, P. O. Box 467, Lombard, Ill. *Pushmobile*
Burdette Schoeder, R. F. D. 31, Cassadaga, N. Y. *Windmill*
Roscoe Seamans, Beresford, So. Dakota. *Wren House*
Gordon Sears, Guilford, Me. *Tool Chest*
David Shepherd, Main St., Hazardville, Conn. *Combination Window Seat, Shoe Box and Bookcase*
George W. Slade, 1 Lawrence St., Chelsea, Mass. *Medicine Cabinet*
Harold E. Smith, R. F. D. Star Route, Roseburg, Ore. *Electric-light Switch*
Lernmond Smith, 45 Bay State Ave., Somerville, Mass. *Bookcase*
Liston Smith, 621 Madison St., Rochester, Ind. *Footstool*
Irvin E. Souder, Rural Route 4, Salem, Ind. *Step Ladder*
Stanley Spencer, Rock Stream, N. Y. *Auto Clock*
Clell G. Stien, 1100 Main St., Stevens Point, Wis. *Shack, with heating plant*
Kenneth M. Stoll, Machias, N. Y. *Boat, propelled by rubber band*
Theo G. Taplin, Washington, Vt. *Engine House*
W. R. Thurnau, 621 State St., Ann Arbor, Mich. *Drawbridge Door for Garage*
Roger B. Tubbs, 895 High St., Bath, Me. *Cone-type Loud Speaker*
Carl J. Vandernyst, 9235 Birchdale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. *Book-ends*
Arthur W. Warren, R. F. D. 2, Box 37, Rahway, N. J. *Cabinet*
Roscoe G. Willis, Oakland, Fla. *Duck Boat*
Kenneth Woodward, 201 N. Buchanan St., Amarillo, Texas *Glossy-finished Photograph*
J. Philip Young, 717 West Gray St., Elmira, N. Y. *Truly*

New Speed Way Shop



Six Complete Motor Driven Tools
A compact metal and woodworking outfit for mechanics, householders and "handy" men. Driven by famous Speed Way motor which is easily detached, giving you a Portable Electric Drill. Tools quickly interchangeable.

Saw, Lathe, Grinder, Buffer, Cleaner, Drill
Attaches to any lamp socket. All packed under pressed steel case [No. 22 above] with lathe bolted to platform.

Check the Numbers on the Photograph
1. Lathe Bed 9. Gauge Chisel 17. 4-in. Wire Brush
2. Tool Rest 10. Universal Wrench 18. Tool Case
3. Tail Stock 11. Base 25 in. x 6 in. 19. Drill Handle
4. Centers 12. Saw Table Bits 20. Drill Bits
5. Chuck 13. 8-in. Circular Saw 21. Nut and Washer
6. Spur Center 14. 2-in. Wheel 22. Steel Cover
7. Face Plate 15. Arbor and Flanges 23. The Well Known
8. Parting Tool 16. Cloth Buffer Speed Way Motor

Only \$10 Down—Easy Payments
Five minutes after receipt you can have the chips flying. Pay as you enjoy it. Use the Shop for pleasure or profit.

Write Today For Full Information
Every tool in the "Shop" is high grade, for regular work. A money maker for the small job man. Write today. Used and endorsed by the "Y. C. Lab."

Electro-Magnetic Tool Company
DEPARTMENT 83
1830 S. 52nd Ave., Cicero, Ill. (Adjoining Chicago)



Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

Pedigree Puppies at Half Price
Police, wolf grey or black and cream.
2 mos. \$38.50
Collies, gold and white, 2 mos. \$25
Airedales, 3 mos. \$20
Chow and Wire Hair Fox Terrier, each \$65
All males A No. 1 stock, C.O.D.
Order from this ad., limited supply.
This is our monthly sale.
MAPLEWOOD KENNELS
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Thoroughbred—The "Academy" of All Dog-dogs.
The most beautiful dogs in the world. Intelligent, fearless, faithful. They guard, you, watch your fashions, play with your kiddies. Write for special lists. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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LABOOK JUST-RITE
Baby Chicks
ONE MILLION CERTIFIED, QUALITY
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Scientifically hatched from standard, bred-to-lay stock. Develop rapidly into prolific layers. 100% live delivery guaranteed. 12 popular breeds. FREE BOOK. Valuable chick guide. Handsomely illustrated. Write for book and prices today. Box 46
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BETTER CHICKS AND HATCHING EGGS. Wholesale and Retail Circular free. Noah Bergery, Bergery, Pa.

See The World By Aeroplane

THOUSANDS OFF ON A NOVEL TRIP

Golden Opportunity For Companion Readers

SEE the world by aeroplane? Yes, that is just what thousands of Youth's Companion readers are planning to do during the months of March, April and May. Taking off at Boston, they will jump to Indianapolis. Then on to Denver and Seattle; Sitka and Chignik, Alaska; Hong Kong, China; Calcutta, India; Constantinople, Turkey; Paris. Then across the Atlantic, touching at Iceland, Greenland, and back to Boston.

And they expect to make the trip without a penny of expense, but plenty of thrills, loads of fun, and come back laden with gold coins, many fine prizes and honors galore.

All this is made possible by the announcement in the March 4 Youth's Companion of the most unique and thrilling race of all time. Any Companion subscriber or any member of a subscriber's household—man, woman, boy or girl—may enter. There is absolutely no risk or danger.

The game is to seek out the homes in your town where The Youth's Companion is not taken and secure new subscriptions. Every new subscription you get sends your plane 1,000 miles. The 100 fliers who send their plane the greatest distances between March 4 and June 1 will receive the following prizes in gold.

WIN A PRIZE IN GOLD

1st Prize	\$100.00 in Gold
2nd Prize	75.00 in Gold
3rd Prize	50.00 in Gold
4th Prize	40.00 in Gold
5th Prize	30.00 in Gold
Next 5 Prizes, \$20.00 each	100.00 in Gold
Next 15 Prizes, \$15.00 each	225.00 in Gold
Next 25 Prizes, \$10.00 each	250.00 in Gold
Next 50 Prizes, \$5.00 each	250.00 in Gold

Every One Can Win. The prizes in this race are not limited to the leaders. There is an additional prize of a crisp new dollar bill for each flier who does not win a gold prize, provided he or she flies at least 3,000 miles (3 new subs). So you can't lose.

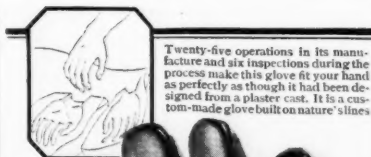
Special Honors

And to cap the climax there are to be awarded many much coveted honors—Y. C. Pilot, Y. C. Ace, and Distinguished Service Flier, with appropriate insignia and Silver Trophy Cups as the final goal.

Most remarkable of all the same subscriptions you send in the Aeroplane Race also count for Premiums. Read about this wonderful opportunity in the March 4 number. If you have mislaid your copy just ask for another and I'll send it free.

Mason Willis

Commander Y. C. Flying Squadron



Eddie Collins

The Glove That's Modeled On Nature's Lines

EDDIE COLLINS gave us the idea. Eddie has had a lot of good ideas, but this is one of his best. During a season of the old "stove league" last winter, Eddie asked us why it was just as hard to buy a glove that you didn't have to break in as it was to buy a pipe or a new pair of shoes. "I'd like to buy a glove that was modeled on nature's lines. A glove that was made to be played with and not simply to be sold. No foolishness, no money stitching, no tricky lacing. That would be a glove," said Eddie. Of course we made what he wanted and we named it after him. This is it. Put one on and stop a couple of grounders with it and wear a few hot liners. And then you'll see what a good idea Eddie had—and what came of it.

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Tulip and Palmer Streets, Philadelphia
World's Foremost Makers of Quality Athletic Goods

Brantford, Ont. Canada Pacific Coast Rep. Phil B. Beckett Co. San Francisco

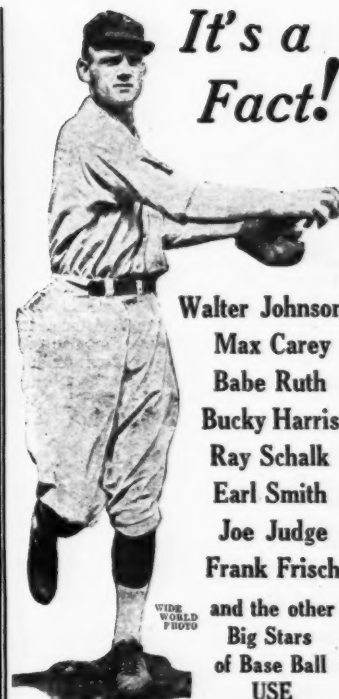
Reach
ATHLETIC GOODS



"Give me licorice—early and late
It's mar-ve-lous I'm here to state
This Black Jack is bully."
Says Everett Wooley
"Believe me it surely is great!"



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Max Carey
Babe Ruth
Bucky Harris
Ray Schalk
Earl Smith
Joe Judge
Frank Frisch
and the other
Big Stars
of Base Ball
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Get acquainted with the D&M Dealer in your town. He's a good fellow to know when you are looking for Athletic Goods.

Ask him for the new D&M SPRING CATALOG, RULE BOOKS and illustrated folders

"How To Play THE INFIELD"

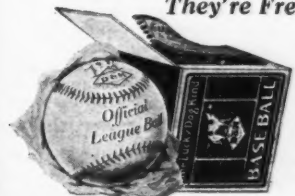
By Dave Bancroft

"How To Play THE OUTFIELD

AND STEAL BASES"

By Max Carey

They're Free!



The D&M OFFICIAL LEAGUE BALL
Will put pep into any game. It conforms with official specifications, and talk about lively—say! when you meet this ball square on the nose she'll ride and don't you forget it.

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Department Y
PLYMOUTH, N. H., U.S.A.

AN ACROBAT IN THE MAKING



These are pictures of Norine McLaughlin of Otsego, Ohio, and her little sister Jeanne. Norine says, "My hobby is acrobatic stunts. You may think it's a queer one for a girl but it's lots of fun."

COLLECTING INFORMATION

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is collecting information on the history of our town. So far it has proved fascinating. There's a bit of mystery attached to a house when you can pass it and say George Washington slept there, or, if you will have sentiment and romance, the old Indian Rock will provide it. For it is generally accepted as a fact that an Indian maiden once jumped into the murky waters of the Wissahickon as a solace to her sorrows. Romance on every street, and you called your home town dead!

If you are so fortunate as to have in your neighborhood an old-fashioned storekeeper who sells anything and everything, you will find him a perfect mine of information. Interesting anecdotes of forgotten people and places he seems to be able to take out from a pigeon-hole of his memory and go over them again as if they had happened only yesterday.

Then old people who may have regarded as "old fogies" and dull will prove to be much more interesting than a "movie" when you have once shown that you are really anxious to know something of long ago. Get them started, and this is what follows: "Do you know the question you asked me the other night had me stumped for a while, but I've looked it up in that old diary of my father's and it says—" And so it goes. Such talk dull? Uninteresting? Never!

By this time I suppose you are wondering just why I should delight in raking over old books. Well, the secret is this—sometimes, I'm going to write a book. Perhaps it is only a passing fancy, but I hate to think so. At least, now at the age of eighteen, that is what I want to do!

ELIZABETH EISENHARDT

MEMORY BOOKS

Gloversville, New York

Dear Hazel Grey:

I keep a memory book. I divide it into sections: a social section, a school section, a programme section and an invitation section. I prize one section especially. It is the one where I put everything about the Blair Conference, which I attended only last summer. Here I pasted pictures of all the buildings, my certificate and one large picture of the entire conference.

I guess it isn't only putting the new things in that amuses me, but also the pleasant memories which come to me through its pages.

Sincerely,
DOROTHY MAE MILLER

COLLECTING AUTOGRAPHS

Boston, Mass.

Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is asking the authors who write for The Youth's Companion and other magazines that we subscribe to for their autographs.

I have this hobby because I get a lot of fun out of it, and I learn a good deal from it too. I am just getting over the measles, and sending for autographs has always been fun for me, sick or well. I've been at it for two years.

I get some interesting ones too. And the nice thing is—mother pays the postage.

Yours truly,
JESSIE O. WOOD

From Girl to Girl

HOBBIES

THE WINNING LETTER

Alvin, Texas

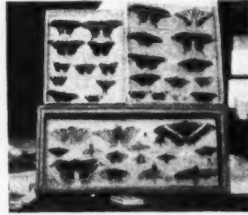
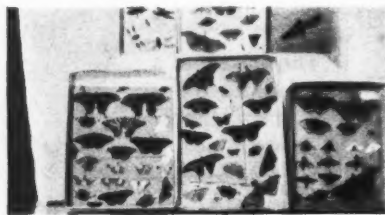
Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is the study of butterflies and moths. I really began collecting moths and butterflies several years ago when my cousin, Susan Mary Aderstrom, on a visit to the South, showed me how to make a butterfly net and how to mount the butterflies and furnished me with a cyanide jar. Then I began collecting in earnest.

It proved to be very interesting work. It never grew tiresome or dull; there was always something different happening. While on my long tramps in the fields and through the woods, I was continually finding new things: a king rail's nest with fourteen speckled eggs in it, a huge cottonmouth snake, new wild flowers and many other things.

My collection grew rapidly. In it are swallowtails, fritillaries, peacocks, anglewings, sulphurs, hairstreaks, wood-nymphs and other varieties. Among my moths are the luna, cecropia, polyphemus, catocala, the royal walnut, the woolly bear and the black witch of the tropics.

DORIS KELLOGG



HONORABLE MENTIONS

Adams, Edith V.
Adams, Margaret
Allan, Pearl
Allen, Mabel
Ames, Audrey
Anderson, Mrs. Walter
Baldwin, Hazel
Baldwin, Inez
Bates, Alice C.
Bayard, Signe
Beat, Rose M.
Beshore, Emma K.
Bledal, Zelma
Bose, Wilma E.
Boslaugh, Donald R.
Bowen, Charles M. Jr.
Braddick, Miss
Kathleen E.
Brady, Thalia
Brakefield, Mrs. J. E.
Brann, Martha A.
Brann, Bernita
Brann, Hilton
Brown, Theron L.
Bryars, Myrtle
Burnham, Lillian
Campbell, Richard
Capron, Alma
Carlock, Judith
Carson, Mrs. Sime
Cate, Flora
Chamberlain, E. F.
Chambers, Dorothy
Chapman, Alice
Chapman, Naomi
Clapsaddle, Grace
Clark, Carol
Clark, Carolyn
Clark, Mrs. Frances
Cleveland, Mrs. Betsy
Coates, Jean M.
Cobb, Blanche
Cody, Hazel
Coffeen, Ellen
Cole, Josephine
Coleman, Ina Jean
Cook, Evelyn
Corbett, Mrs. W. C.
Craw, Evelyn
Daft, Ruth E.
Dahlberg, Helen
Davidson, Ethel
Day, Gladys
Day, Ruth
DeBord, Mildred
Dickerson, Hazel
Dewey, Arlene
Dezendorf, Burton
Donaldson, Olive K.
Eisenhart, Elizabeth
Ely, Nellie Jane
Erbe, Audrey
Evans, George
Evans, Maggie
Evans, Margaret
Eyer, Marjorie
Fasell, Meda

Flanagan, Mary
Fox, Mary Louise
Friedel, Bertha
Fritter, Dorothy
Fuller, Elaine
Gaither, Mrs. J. A.
Gemmer, Mrs. J. A.
Gipple, Opal
Goodson, Luella
Gourley, Kathryn
Granlund, Edith
Hall, Leonia C.
Hamilton, Bob
Hardage, Margaret
Harness, Nellie
Harrington, Alma Belle
Harsha, Wilma
Hepburn, Estelle
Herron, Imogene
Holcombe, Mrs. W. M.
Honberger, Barbara J.
Honberger, Charlotte
Hough, Lois H.
Houston, Lola Mae
Hunsberger, Deborah S.
Hurd, Mary A.
Hurbut, Arthur Jr.
Igou, Margaret
Ingalls, Mrs. Clayton
Jenkinson, Alberta
Johnson, Rosalie
Johnston, Jean
Josel, Beatrice
Kallenbach, Robert
Kelllogg, Doris
Kennedy, Mary
Kincannon, Hazel
King, Robert
Knight, Charles
Knowles, Betty
Knowles, Ruth
Lamore, William
Lawson, Chris
Lee, Dorothy J.
Lee, Mary
Leidy, C. C.
Leighton, Marian E.
Lerch, Gertrude
Lewis, Hazel
Lindblom, Bertha
Lindsay, Jean
Lininger, Ruth
Lisowski, Leona
Lovejoy, Gertrude
Lowmiller, Dorothy
Lyne, Mrs. R. L.
MacAlpine, Jessie
Marriner, Margaret
Marshall, Jean
Marshall, Margaret
Mayne, Frances
McAfee, Martha
McGee, Juanita
McKenzie, Jean
McKusick, Louise
McLaughlin, Norine
Mercier, Marie

Miller, Dorothy
Miller, Mary
Moore, Doris
Moorhead, Mrs. Alice S.
Moore, Jean
Morgan, Barbara
Morrison, J. Lorimer
Movius, Anna
Mullan, Helen
Mumma, Ruth
Munro, Happy
Myers, Ray
Mynler, Mrs. B. H.
Nelson, Helen
Newbury, Dorothy
Newell, Lola
Noles, Mamie
Ober, Betty
Onstott, Mary
Overstreet, Jessie
Peters, Agnes
Price, Hobart
Ragsdale, Lillian
Ramsey, Grace
Reed, Jesse
Rich, Annie
Richardson, Mable
Rinehart, Betty
Ring, Janette
Robinson, Howard
Rumbough, Esther
Sarver, Mrs. B. T.
Scott, Alice
Scott, Mrs. J. H.
Simpson, Mrs. John
Simpson, Katy
Singer, Viola
Skinner, Mrs. J. W.
Smith, Edna
Smith, Elsie
Smith, Mabel
LaMore, William
Smyth, Dorothy
Snow, Alta
Speers, Eleanor
Spelman, Marian
Stallings, Hattie
Stephenson, Elsie
Stowe, Fern
Sutton, Greta
Swanson, Blanche
Taylor, Charlotte
Thompson, M. Fanny
Thorsen, Mrs. Paul
Tompkins, John H.
Thompson, Ernestine
Treleven, Hazel
Tucker, Virginia
Underwood, Ruth L.
Waltz, Mrs. Paul
Ward, Vvonne
Weller, Jewell
Westcott, Jean
White, Esther
Whitson, Grace
Willis, Mrs. Ella
Wood, Doris

Wood, Irene
Woolhiser, Marba
Worley, Leola
Wright, Virginia

Pupils of Miss Sadie Hood
of Racine, Wisconsin:

Alders, Irving
Anderson, Gilbert
Baker, Olleg
Bergh, Narcissus
Brautigam, Richard A.
Christianson, Hazel
Coake, Ralph
Crawford, Ted
Dahlberg, Alice
Demaree, Frances
Dixon, Margaret
Ehman, Marvin
Fahrenbach, Frances
Falkenrath, Milton
Geyer, Marie
Gregory, Alba
Guld, Anna Ruth
Hand, John
Hanson, George
Hilker, Margaret
Jensen, Cecelia
Johnson, Ethel
Johnson, Russell
Johnson, Sylvia
Juadis, William
Kaplan, Alice
Kneaz, Mary
Krent, William Jr.
Kuz, Leonard
Leigh, Mildred
Long, Angelina
Morganson, Virginia
Navitzky, Origina
Oertel, Alice
Olson, Elmer
Paulson, Ruby
Raba, Joseph
Radewan, Ella
Rasmussen, Claire
Rasmussen, Kermit
Robinson, Julia
Sachse, Stanley
Samson, Katherine
Schwartz, Ruth
Simonsen, Sarah
Smith, Maxine
Sone, Ellen
Sorenson, Elmer
Stretesky, Adeline
Thompson, Clinton
VanDorf, Paul
Verhegge, Emma
Wenclawski, John
Whitaker, Muriel
Wood, Eleanor
Wood, Elizabeth
Wurg, Russell

ERNESTINE LIKES TO READ

West Salem, Illinois

Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is reading. Although some people seem to think that I am not of a very studious inclination, I do like to read if I can get a good book.

I have several good reasons for my hobby. They are: reading is very educational if you read the right kind of books; it helps you in your school and Sunday-school work. My last good reason why I like to read is because I was taught when I was only four years old.

Today is my eleventh birthday.

Yours sincerely,

ERNESTINE THOMPSON



TO BE THE PRESIDENT

Biltmore, North Carolina

Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is to study and study hard. Ever since I can remember my heart's desire has been to be the President of the United States. Great ambition—yes, for a girl to have. I remember very well telling my father and mother before I was old enough to go to school that I was going to be the President. Father laughed and said, "Why, women can't even vote." I cried and wished I was a boy, but mother said, "Never mind, women will vote long before you are twenty-one." Sure enough, in 1920 women was given the right to vote. O my, how happy I was then! I said, "Now I can be a lawyer, go to Congress or the Senate; and I am going to study hard and be ready when the chance comes to be President." So I am studying hard. I am thirteen years old and in the second year of high school. I was born here in the mountains of western North Carolina in a log cabin.

When I run the great race for Presidency, will Hazel Grey and all The Youth's Companion girls and boys remember me and vote for me?

IMOGENE HERRON

TO BE A MISSIONARY

Fredericktown, Ohio

Dear Hazel Grey:

My hobby is to be a missionary, and I have it because I think there is no greater work than to spread the Gospel, for there are so many people that know nothing of our good Savior and his love for us.

Sincerely,
BETTY RINEHART



MAKING MONEY

Neosho, Missouri

Dear Hazel Grey:

I earned five dollars by making a set of pasteboard doll furniture. I collected pasteboard boxes of different sizes and shapes, sheets of pasteboard, sharp scissors, glue, odds and ends of paint, and some small mirrors.

A raisin box became a dresser when it had had a straight piece of pasteboard glued to the back and holes cut in the front for drawers. I made the drawers from small paper clip boxes. Then I painted the whole thing and when dry glued a mirror in place. A quarter of an oatmeal box treated in like manner became a very nice sideboard. Another box fitted with a drawer after the manner of the dresser had a back of three divisions glued on and after painting had mirrors glued in place. Then behold! a dressing-table to please any dolly.

Small square boxes with backs glued on and the bottoms cut out to form legs made chairs. These looked quite "stuffed" in their upholstery of cotton batting and odds of tapestry. A davenport to match was made from a larger box. Kitchen and dining-room chairs were made on the same plan except that they were painted. A dining-table standing quite primly on its pasteboard legs was once an oatmeal box lid.

A piano, kitchen cabinet and stove were made in manner similar to the dressing-table and dresser. A floor lamp that rivaled mother's found shape in a piece of hexagonal hairpin box with a 410-shotgun shell for a stem. The top was covered with tapestry, and a fringe was made of colored thread.

DOROTHY WILLIAMS

HERE are the winners in the Hobby Contest. Is your name among them? If not, be sure that you are among the winners in the next contest I have. The jokes will be out in a few weeks now. I am glad that so many of you are making the leather belts I showed you last week. Do write me about what you are thinking. College? Beauty? Graphology? Parties? Anything? Do you want to give a play? I know a good one with just the number of characters that you have in your little crowd. Do write me about it! And don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hazel Grey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

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Where Home and Camp Are One

Boys 3-12. Senior and junior groups. For each child a gain in right thinking, health, and happiness. Screened bungalows, balanced menus, worthwhile activities, nurse, counsellors. Class "A" rating, Maine State Department of Health. Rates reasonable. Write at once for folder. Ethel W. Wagg, Primary Supervisor Public Schools, 116 N. Allen St., Albany, N. Y.

Camp

WENTWORTH

Wolfeboro, N. H. For 50 Boys 8 to 16. On Lake Wentworth in the foothills of the White Mountains. Every camp activity supervised by experts.

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TOME CAMP

for boys 7-16. On campus of Tome School in famous Susquehanna Indian country.

190 acres. Tents. Lodge. Catalog.

Director: Mrs. I. T. Bagley. Adviser: Murray P. Brush, Ph.D. Maryland, Fort Deposit, Tome School

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LAKE WINNECOOK, UNITY, MAINE

24th Season. Our campers become expert swimmers, riders and marksmen. The kind of a summer a boy most enjoys. Illustrated booklet.

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For Girls—Gold Lake, Colorado, near Estes Park. All healthful camp life activities; riding featured. No extras. References required. Write for booklet. Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Dougan, Directors, 1356 Beach Court, Lakewood, Ohio.

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For WORTHWHILE TEACHERS who seek new ideas and enthusiasm

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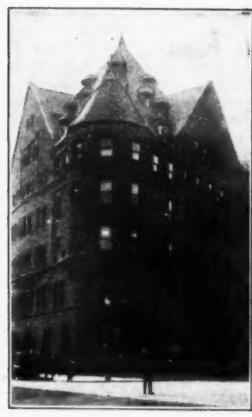
Public Recitals—By Artist Students, Members of Faculty, etc.

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Solfeggio, Harmony, Theory and History of Music Classes and private instruction.

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512 Pierce Building Copley Square, Boston



A Letter from a Camper

Dear Y. C.:

That overnight hike at camp that I promised to tell you about seems very far away now, but we are looking forward to another this coming summer. It was such fun! That day just before supper we heard one of the girls say, "Hey! What's the idea of the hiking shoes? Is there going to be a hike?"

There was a tramping on the stairs and up came "Fuzzy" and announced, as we had hoped, that we were to have an overnight hike to the Knoll. Such a scurrying and babbling of many voices! Everyone was hurrying up the stairs to fix her pack.

We started out with great vigor and were soon tramping steadily and gaily along, at intervals singing camp songs but giving time in between to inhale the pure country air. Gradually the sun sank in the West, leaving a lovely golden glow across the heavens, deepening into a beautiful purple, as evening drew nigh. Soon queries arose, "Where's my flashlight?" "Oh, dear! I didn't take any as usual."

It was quite dark as we ascended the steep incline. Beds were made up with the blankets immediately. Twigs were gathered and we soon had a flourishing, snapping bonfire.

As night came on the air grew colder, so we gathered around the fire and sang songs.

Getting into bed we could hear voices of dismay out of the darkness. "Oh, dear! I made my bed on a stone!" "Push off further, you are on my blankets!" "Where's my flashlight, I can't see a thing!" These comments soon subsided and silence reigned undisturbed.

Just as the bright sun climbed slowly up into the sky, we woke up. What a beautiful scene it was! A distant train could be seen winding its way, slowly. The birds had begun their cheery little songs.

We jumped up quickly to repack our blankets. "Oh, dear! I forgot to bring a comb! Just look at it! My hair's a sight!"

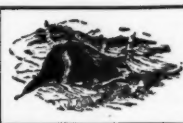
Breakfast came next, which included three pieces of watermelon each, milk, bacon, and bread to be toasted. A roaring fire was soon started and everyone hurriedly gathered about, eyeing the "eats." "Oh, Fuzzy, may I have more than three slices of bacon?" "Hey! Who has the butterknife?" "Anybody hate watermelon and want to give hers to me?"

Finally breakfast was over, or rather had to be, on account of diminishment of supply. A blanket toss followed. Everyone flew "sky high" and when Esther got in, it was necessary to summon the heavy-weights for assistance. Then we hitched our packs on our backs and started for camp by way of the Grove. A tired but a happy group returned to camp. What a glorious time we had had! The next night we all slept peacefully, and dreamed of our good time and the next outing to come.

Alice Greene (Age 16)

Write for camp information to 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Watch for letter from a boy camper in the April 1st issue



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Ways and Means of Getting to College

FROM SMITH

Eleanor French is Smith College Head Usher, a position which gives her free admission to all concerts and lectures. She reduces her college expenses by \$150 by living in Lawrence House, where sixty girls of high scholastic and comparatively low financial standing take care of their own rooms and give about a half-hour a day to odd jobs around the house. Other houses of the same nature are Tenney House, where the girls cook their own meals and do all the housework, and Sunnyside, where a few girls get their rooms for very little and make other arrangements for meals. A good many of them get their meals in return for setting tables or answering bells in other college houses. The college offices pay girls about thirty cents an hour for their services in varying capacities. There are girls who see that the Students' Building is kept in good order, who take care of the loan-library books, who do typing for the faculty, the council and a large body of theme-writers. Tutoring brings \$1 to \$3 an hour to those who are professorially inclined. Six girls earn about \$125 apiece by conducting a furniture exchange in the fall. Others deliver weekly bulletins and college publications, and there are all sorts of odd jobs to be had by applying to the College Employment Bureau. More girls put themselves through Smith College than any other of the big women colleges, partly because the scholarships are generous and very numerous, because there are these houses in which expenses can be reduced, and because the self-help system is well organized and very helpful.



FROM WELLESLEY

Alice Hickey, president of the Wellesley College Press Board, waited on table in the Coöperative House her freshman and junior years. As Wellesley College correspondent for the Boston Traveler she has made a neat little sum for the last three years. She also organized a student tour to Bermuda last Easter, on which she was allowed all expenses. In the summer she has worked on her home-town newspaper and in the dean's office at Leigh University to fatten up her pocketbook.



FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE

Dorothy William has a shoe agency at Mount Holyoke College. The fashion of selling shoes there has been profitable and popular for three or four years and has created such rivalry among local shoe firms that the displays in Post Office Corridor gradually get more and more elaborate. Once a week there will be a three-story rack hung with colored mules, galoshes and patent-leather slippers, while gold and silver evening slippers are arranged in style on a green felt counter. Operating a shoe agency is one of the most coveted positions at college, and already eligible juniors cast longing eyes at the counter. Dorothy played in the annual Junior Class Show, and she is frequently seen on the golf links in correct shoes.



FROM WELLESLEY

Phyllis Pimm waited on table in Coöperative Houses her freshman and junior years. In spite of the extra time it took, she was president of her class her sophomore year and treasurer of College Government her junior year. Now she is organizing a trip to Europe under the auspices of the University Bureau of Travel, on which she can go free if she gets the required number of girls.



How Girls Are Doing It Now

I HAVE never known a young girl who did not want to improve herself. To be sure, everybody does not want to improve in the same way or along the same lines or by the same method, but very few of us are completely satisfied with our present selves—particularly if we are young. We want to grow, to see the world, to see life, to develop, to expand—in a word, to become educated. And, because college seems to be the most direct and sensible way to become educated, most of us want to go to college.

But the great question arises: When—where—how? And alas! sometimes the how is such a stumbling block that we lose our courage and resign ourselves to what we call our fate. But more and more of us are realizing that our fate is generally what we make it, and that opportunity must be fought for and won. And more and more of us are fighting for it.

This year a great many girls have said to me, "I want to go to college, but I don't believe I can afford it."

I say to them, "Why don't you work and make a little to help yourself through?"

"Oh, I don't know," they answer. "It must take a dreadful amount of time away from your studies, and I

don't see how you can get any college life at all. Besides, there aren't many things that you can do."

After several conversations like this, I decided to find some girls who are working to help themselves through college now and to publish their pictures and to tell you how they are doing it. Here they are, and I hope you will find them helpful. These girls are at Wellesley, Smith, Mount Holyoke and the University of Illinois, and they are very much like other girls in ever so many other colleges. Because we have taken pictures of girls from these colleges does not mean at all that there are no other colleges with so good opportunities for the girl with a great ambition and a slender pocketbook. If you are that girl, you have a chance to realize your ambition, no matter to what college you would like to go. Write to the college of your choice and ask what opportunities it has for you to make money to help with your expenses.

If there is anything on this page that you don't understand or that you want to know more about, write and ask me. Or if there is anything about college in general that you want to know,—what college to go to, what kind of clothes to take to college, and so on—anything,—write and ask me.

Hazel Jones

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

TIME-SAVERS FOR BUSY WELLESLEY STUDENTS

(Use check mark to avoid writer's cramp and to allow time for classes)

Dear	Brother Sister Friend Family	And I need	Money Loving You Clothes Sleep Food	Are you	sorry glad	I am here? You are not here?
It is very	Stormy Pleasant Hot Cold Nasty	The classes are	Enjoyable Middling Long Boring Instructive	Thanks for	Letter Food Clothes Listerine Cash Flowers	
I am	Happy Well Hungry Busy Broke Lonesome In love	I spend my spare time	In bed Studying Thinking of you At the Copley Taking gym	Yours	With love Always Truly And yours only Respectfully	
You may expect me.....						

Helen D. Jones received some cards like this one from Dartmouth and decided that such a "fad" would "go" at Wellesley as at the men's colleges, and so she had one thousand printed a month before Christmas. "They sold like hot cakes," according to Helen, and she made \$31.60 for Christmas money. She is now



selling her second thousand and expects to clear \$40. There is no reason why she cannot realize about \$40 on every thousand that she has printed, for time-savers of almost any description are always in demand at college—particularly clever ones like this. Think up good ideas, and you won't have to worry about money.

FROM SMITH

La Tourette Stockwell is the best-paid member of the Smith College Press Board. The Press Board is a group of girls who collect college news and write it up for newspapers the country over. La Tourette is correspondent to the local paper, the Northampton Gazette. Her articles appear every day, and they are long enough to make the work, at ten cents an inch, pay very well. Besides this, she is becoming an experienced journalist, ready to step into a good newspaper job after she has graduated from college.



FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE

Elizabeth Stubbs, known to her classmates as "Stubbs," is the half-owner of a financially successful firm at Mount Holyoke College. The Mary-Margaret, now two years old, advertises with attractive posters in Post Office Corridor "Catering and Food of Distinction." Not a week goes by but the Mary-Margaret serves a dinner party, a tea or the refreshments for a Dramatic Club meeting or a History Club meeting. At the beginning of the year the Athletic Association of over two hundred people was seated at a dinner all cooked, prepared and



served by this excellent company. "Stubbs" has time for other extra-curricular activities. She plays hockey, is a member of the choir and chairman of the Saturday Night Dance committee. During her sophomore year she held an office on the nominating committee of the Mount Holyoke Community Government.

FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE

Marjorie Thompson was one of the three enterprising and energetic girls who conducted a furniture sale at Mount Holyoke College at the beginning of the year. Last June they borrowed money from the bank and bought up all the old rickety furniture that the seniors were willing to get rid of, and then came back two weeks early in the fall and repaired it. They painted wicker chairs black and orange and gray, put in new cretonne cushions, painted desks and tea-tables and lampshades and screens, tacked on store prices—and got them, too, from the anxious freshmen and sophomores. Marjorie has added to the tidy little sum which was her share in September by selling lamps, by advertising for a cereal company (at which she made \$18 in one morning) and by corresponding for a local newspaper. She is the student head of baseball, chairman of the Winter Carnival and hostess at the Economics Dinner, where there will be a great number of distinguished guests.



FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Ever since she had been a junior in high school Grace Martin had planned to go to college. That such an undertaking would cost a great deal of money she knew, but that it would cost so very much she didn't realize until one awful night.

For a year one of her chums had been writing home to Grace glowing letters from Champaign, where she was attending the University of Illinois. In these letters she told of the excitement of living in one of the huge residence halls, of her adorable room with its glazed chintz curtains and brightly covered couch, of her roommate, of the mid-night spreads, of Sunday evening teas and of picnics and dances. A few months later she wrote of the even more exciting life in one of the sorority houses.

After the excitement of Grace's graduation had passed, this college-wise chum came over to the Martin house to supply in more official form all the data concerning college. This report consisted more of figures and dollar signs than pink curtains, and Grace realized that such a college life would be too expensive by some five hundred dollars for one of a family of seven children to enjoy. The chum admitted that her expenses, including her room, board and clothes, as well as actual school expenses, averaged \$100 a month.

Grace began to reorganize her scrambled world on a less ambitious plan. She would take a course in business college and go to work in the hope of saving enough to attend college later. Then she told Mrs. LeRoy, the wife of the high-school principal. Mrs. LeRoy looked puzzled. She went to her husband's desk and brought back a little pamphlet.

"We received this just the other day from the University of Illinois," she said. "It should be interesting to you, because it tells how a girl may go there for exactly one half of what it ordinarily costs. All you will have to do is write to the dean of women for particulars."

Grace took the pamphlet eagerly, and, sure enough, that was exactly what it said. It explained that at the University of Illinois there were three houses called Coöperative Houses, furnished entirely by the Women's Welfare Committee of the Women's League. They accommodated from ten to twelve girls each. They had been started in 1919, and it was the plan of the committee to start a new one each year so long as there was a demand for them. According to a budget made out for four months in 1925, Grace learned that, whereas the highest amount paid a month for room rent on the campus was \$19.50, at the Coöperative Houses it was \$4.89, and that, while the highest

amount paid for board was \$38.00, at the Cooperative Houses the cost was \$11.53. The pamphlet went on to explain that this saving was accomplished by having the girls do all the cooking and housework in each of the houses.

Grace never knew exactly how she covered the five blocks to her home. All she knew was that some fairy godmother had given her the secret formula to all happiness, and that that formula was the pamphlet in her hand. After she managed to calm down enough to explain the facts to her astonished father, she sent a letter to the dean.

A few days later she received a reply saying that, if she still wished to apply for a room in one of the houses, she must have a personal interview. The next thing to do was to tell her chum the glorious news. The chum was dubious. She knew only life in the Residence Hall in the sorority, and, although she didn't know, she wondered whether these houses were not some sort of charity institutions devoid of color and excitement. Grace's hope sank again. To be considered a pauper! Never. She would rather go to business college. But her mother, to encourage her, suggested that she at least wait until her interview to make up her mind. In September she went to interview the dean.

After her short conversation with this most gracious and interested dean of women she began to feel reassured. Certainly the dean had not seemed to consider her as an applicant for the poorhouse. She only had asked her questions about her mother and father and her family, her scholarship and what she planned to study.

While waiting to learn whether her application had been accepted, Grace stayed with her chum at her sorority house. She was enthralled by the excitement going on in preparation for rushing. She heard snatches of conversation about parties, dances and picnics they would have during the coming year, and she began to wonder if she would find college interesting without all this.

But when, the next day, the notice came from the dean saying that her application had been accepted, she decided that college was worth any sacrifice and left the sorority house—rather regretfully it is true—for her new home.

Following the directions given her, she came to a rather large, pleasant-looking house with a wide veranda—very much like the house she had just left. It had many touselled heads hanging out the windows as their several owners endeavored to wash the panes. The front door was open, and inside she could see a girl busily wielding a mop while another arranged furniture.

The house had twelve girls and a chaperone living in it. It was organized with a president, a senior, and all other necessary officers. The work of the house was divided equally among the girls, and the schedule was changed each week. One girl cooked a week, another tended the furnace, two others washed dishes; and they all cleaned the house. In this way each girl spent from two to three hours each day performing duties for the house.

The girls lived two in a room. Tea was served every Sunday evening at five o'clock for the girls and their guests, and they gave a formal tea each semester, to which they invited the chaperones and freshmen from all the other organized houses and sororities on the campus. Although the girls did not give regular house dances, they held picnics and steak fries to which they invited guests, and midnight spreads celebrating the arrival of a box from home. Class stunt shows were weekly occurrences.

Within two weeks Grace forgot that she had ever thought college life would be a disappointment, and her letters home began to rival those she had received the previous year. The best of it all was that, since her expenses were only \$25 a month, and since she had time to do part-time work in one of the university offices, she could now plan to finish her four years without any intermissions.

Another Contest

You will be interested in this contest. It was Suzanne's idea. When I asked you to think of good ideas for me Suzanne wrote: "Everybody here at school talks nothing but college, college, college! Shall I go to college or shall I not? Why don't you have a contest about that? And everybody can write about herself, and we can all read what other people say." When Suzanne's letter came I asked Elizabeth Livermore what she thought of it. Elizabeth is sixteen years old. She goes to the Windsor School and is looking forward to college in two years. She thought it was a great idea, so she has written her letter, and here it is.

Think carefully what you want to say before you begin to write and then write neatly. Take your time. You have a whole month.

The contest is open to every girl of eighteen years or less. The letters must be mailed not later than April 15. Address your letters to me and be sure to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, if you want a reply.

This is Important

\$25 for the best letter of 400 words or less on "Why I Am Going to College."
\$25 for the best letter of 400 words or less on "Why I Am Not Going to College."

Hazel Jones

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington Street, Boston

Why I Want to Go to College

By Elizabeth Livermore

To go or not to go, that is the question. How often have I tried to convince myself (and others) that a college education is necessary and worth while, and found to my dismay that the cons fully balanced the pros! When I consider how my days in school are spent, getting up almost at the crack of dawn, rushing off to that unspeakable subway every morning rain or shine, and then an incessant grind till bedtime, which is always very late, I am inclined to veto the college proposition. What fun it would be not to be tied down to anything, but to have plenty of time to do whatever I felt like; time to read the books I've always wanted to and probably never shall, time to think unhurried.

But, on the other hand, there are so many things I like in school which I could pursue to advantage by going to college, and even if it didn't do me any good in the long run I should like to go for pure interest. The Greek poets: Homer, for instance; how thrilling to read the Iliad and the Odyssey in their native glory! And how interesting a course in philosophy would be! Goodness knows I need it enough, even now! Again

arises the old question of time. In school I haven't had time to take the history of art and other histories, and maybe I will in college. Foremost, however, from the academic standpoint, comes my interest in writing.

Furthermore, though I hate being away from home so long, I would have an unparalleled opportunity to make all kinds of friends from every part of the world. I might even be asked to visit one in the Easter vacation! And I'll wager that I wouldn't be slow to find a boon companion with whom I could cut classes and do other things not on the curriculum. Indeed, to hear graduates talk, college is as much good times as anything, though I have heard some poor, disillusioned ones who had once thought that it would be a four-year cushion before going to work—which it definitely will not be.

But the most potent incentive of all, the answer I give to disapproving relatives who object to be-spectacled, walking encyclopedias, is the fact that the early-bird, armed with the college degree, is the one that gets the worm. I shall go anyhow, for "though this be madness, yet there is method in't."

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Years ago the old-fashioned mustard plaster was the favorite remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, colds on the chest and sore throat.

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Keep this soothing ointment on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first cough or snuffle, at rheumatism's first warning tingle.

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The CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE FIELD OF EVIL WEEDS

By Edward W. Frentz

BETWEEN the Long Road and the Cross Road in Brooksville lay a large three-cornered field, a part of the old Ross farm. Round it stretched what was left of a fence, now only a post here and there, still holding together a few gray, half-rotted rails; but along the line had grown up a row of bushes now almost as thick as a hedge, and at the lower end of the field stood some tall old elm trees that kept it always shady. No other place in town made so good a ball field on a hot day.

But now some one had bought the old place who was going to rebuild the fences and plow the fields and make a real farm of it. So, one day when the boys went over for their usual afternoon game, they found a board nailed to one of the trees, and painted on it the words, "Keep out, everybody."

"I guess it doesn't mean us," said Jimmy Hopkins. "We have always played here, and no one has ever stopped us."

"But it says 'everybody,'" and Ben Hayes pointed to the sign.

"Well, let's try it, anyway," said one of the other boys, and so the game began.

It had been going on but a little while when they heard a man's voice say, "Well, boys, I see that you didn't read my sign." A tall old gentleman had stepped through a gap in the hedge and was looking at them out of a pair of keen blue eyes half hidden by bushy gray eyebrows.

"Yes, sir, we read it," said some one, "but we thought it didn't mean us."

"Oh! Then you don't consider yourselves anybody. Is that it?"

"No, sir; but we've always played here, and nobody ever said anything."

"But, you see, I've bought the place now, and I have to pay taxes on it, so I must find some way to make it bring me in some money."

"Are you going to plow it up?" asked Eddie Brooks.

"Not just now, but it will keep a cow or two, and that will pay the taxes on it."

"How much would they be?"

"Oh, I should think about five dollars a year."

The boys looked at one another. Not all of them together had so much money as that, or knew where or how they could get it; so they were turning away when the old gentleman said, as if to himself, "Of course men sometimes work out their taxes."

"How is that?"

"Why, every town has to hire men to keep the roads in order and mend bridges and do other things like that; so it usually hires the men that live there, and counts every day's work as so much toward their taxes."

"Could we work out the taxes on this field?"

"You might, perhaps. Do you see this?" And he held up a blossom that looked like a tassel of silver-white silk. "It is a Canada thistle, almost ripe. In a few days the wind would blow away every one of these tiny seeds, and every seed has a little balloon that would carry it a long way and drop it in some other field, to start a new crop. The seeds of evil plants travel fast and far. And this"—he held up a pretty orange-

colored flower—"is hawkweed, which hurts the milk of cows that eat it. And this"—here he picked a daisy—"is white weed, which also makes bad hay. If you could keep this field clear of these weeds, I think I should feel that you had worked out the

taxes on it and would have the right to use it."

"We'll do it!" "Yes, sir!" "Of course we can!" cried all the boys together.

"All right," said the old gentleman. "You may try it."

DRAWN BY
DECIE MERWIN



TAKE CARE!

By Nancy Byrd Turner

TAKE care, May Lucy; you're little and slim,
The wind is strong, and the wind is wild;
It blows with a will, and it blows with a vim;
It blows right over the world's far rim.

Look out, you foolish child!

What would you think if, all in a wink,
Quick as Jack Robinson, you should rise
And, off with the gale over hill and dale,
Your feet for rudder, your skirt for sail,
Should blow across the skies?

It's a hurricane wind and all awlirl.
Take care, May Lucy, so little and light,
Or some far day the people will say,
"Who, May Lucy? That little girl
Who sailed away on a kite?"

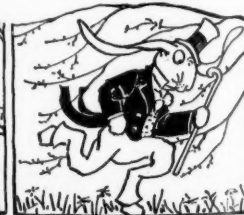
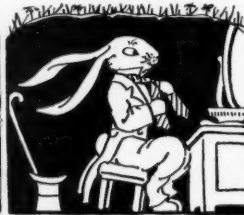
THE MAD MARCH HARE

By Julia Greene

The bluebirds singing across the snow
Waked the Mad March Hare asleep below.

"I hate to leave my cozy lair,
But spring's on the way," said the Mad March Hare.

So he quickly dressed in his spring suit gay
And madly ran out with the March wind to play.



The boys worked hard at first, but after that it was easier, and before the month was out there was not a thistle or a hawkweed or a daisy to be found in the whole field. The old gentleman came out now and then and looked it over, and usually before he went away he would stop long enough to say, "Well, boys, taxes paid? Good!"

One day the boys found their diamond nicely marked out by tiles set into the ground for bases, and under the elms were four stout benches. The old gentleman was sitting on one of them. "I thought," he said, "that perhaps your sisters might like to have some seats here. The tax money paid for them."

That was the beginning of the Brooksville Open Playground, for as the old gentleman grew older still he used to spend more and more of his time sitting on one of the benches and watching the children at their games; and when, years later, he died, it was found that he had given that field to the town, and by his will had left money to care for it. On a stone post at the lower end, where the big elms are, is a brass plate that tells in a few words how the first group of boys earned their right to use the field by working out the taxes on it.



ROSE AND ANEMONE A Greek Myth

BY LOCKWOOD BARR

ONCE upon a time there was a very fashionable wedding on the Olympian Heights where the Greek gods lived. Eris, the goddess of Discord, was not asked; thereby hangs the tale. She passed by and into the midst of the wedding guests threw an apple of pure gold, upon which was written "For the most beautiful." A scramble followed.

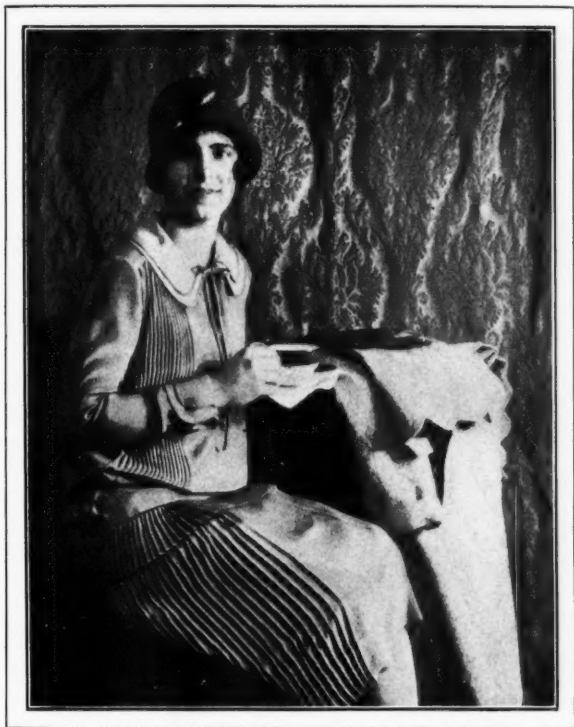
When the battle cleared three young ladies claimed the apple. Zeus called for order and made Paris judge of this first beauty contest. The apple was given to Cytherea, a mermaid. Naturally the other two did not have a chance. She was born of the seafoam and landed at Cythera. The Greeks knew her as Aphrodite, and she was called Venus by the Romans.

Venus was a flirt, but she finally fell in love with Adonis, the handsomest of all young men, and deserted Olympus to live on earth with him. Their romance came to a tragic end when Adonis, still in the flush of his youth, was killed by a wild boar.

The gods willed that a summer festival, called the Garden of Adonis, be held in his memory. This festival symbolized the annual arrival of spring, the blossoming of flowers and their death and decay with the coming of the frost and winter winds. To the Greeks it typified the cycle of love and life itself, for to all men in all times Venus and Adonis have been the Great Lovers, and their romance has been sung until this day.

Roses were sacred to Venus because, so goes the myth, when Adonis was killed there sprang up from his life blood a red, red rose, and the tears of Venus turned to anemones, as the Greeks called them, which word means wind. And so in England these flowers of Venus were commonly known as windflowers.

Fashions for the Young Girl



Hoyle Studio, Boston



Dear Suzanne:

I went to tea with Hazel Grey, and this is what I wore. It's my brand-new Easter outfit. Mother says I shouldn't have worn it before Easter, but I wanted to look especially nice.

The dress is a dream—rose flat crêpe, this one is; but it comes in green and tan too. You would look lovely in a green one. Sizes 13, 15, 17. It cost \$25. The hat is a Betty and Anne felt. It cost \$5.95 without the pin, but of course you wouldn't want it without the pin, and that is 65 cents extra.

Mother likes the coat particularly. It is tan tweed, and we both think that \$25 is very reasonable for a good coat like this. Don't you? It comes in the same sizes as the dress, and you can get it in gray, rose tan or plain tan.

Betty

CLOTHES! COLLEGE! CONTESTS!

I AM selecting at Filene's some good-looking Easter hats to show you next week. There are going to be five or six different ones for you to choose from, so I hope everybody will be especially pleased. And then, only a few weeks later, there will be pictures of clothes that Betty and Suzanne have made themselves with directions telling how they did it. Watch for them.

Do get busy on your letters about "Why I Want to Go to College." See page 225 for particulars. I want all my new friends to make such a good showing that the judges will have to sit up nights!

How about your spring play? Can I help you decide what to give? And are you going to camp this summer? Are you troubled because people don't like you? Do you worry about your complexion? Do you need money? Write and tell me. I can help you. And if you want me to answer, don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NOW ABOUT ORDERING

If you want to order this dress or coat or little purse, which Betty didn't mention, but which is imported brown suede and costs \$3.50, make out your check or money order to me and I will ask William Filene's Sons Company to send it to you. Don't forget to state size and color.

Hazel Grey.



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Yes, Absolutely FREE! Send me the "Wonder" telescope. Today I have been watching submarines miles off the coast." — Philip Brush. "I can see across the Mississippi 3 miles and see people fishing." — M. L. Thorn. "I am nearly 80 years old and if I could not get another would not take \$10.00 for it." — A. R. Walker. "I can tell time on the church clock 5 miles away." — Edward Foster. "Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away." — Mrs. L. M. Yarbrough. "I saw a Light House 13 miles away." — Clyde Scribner.

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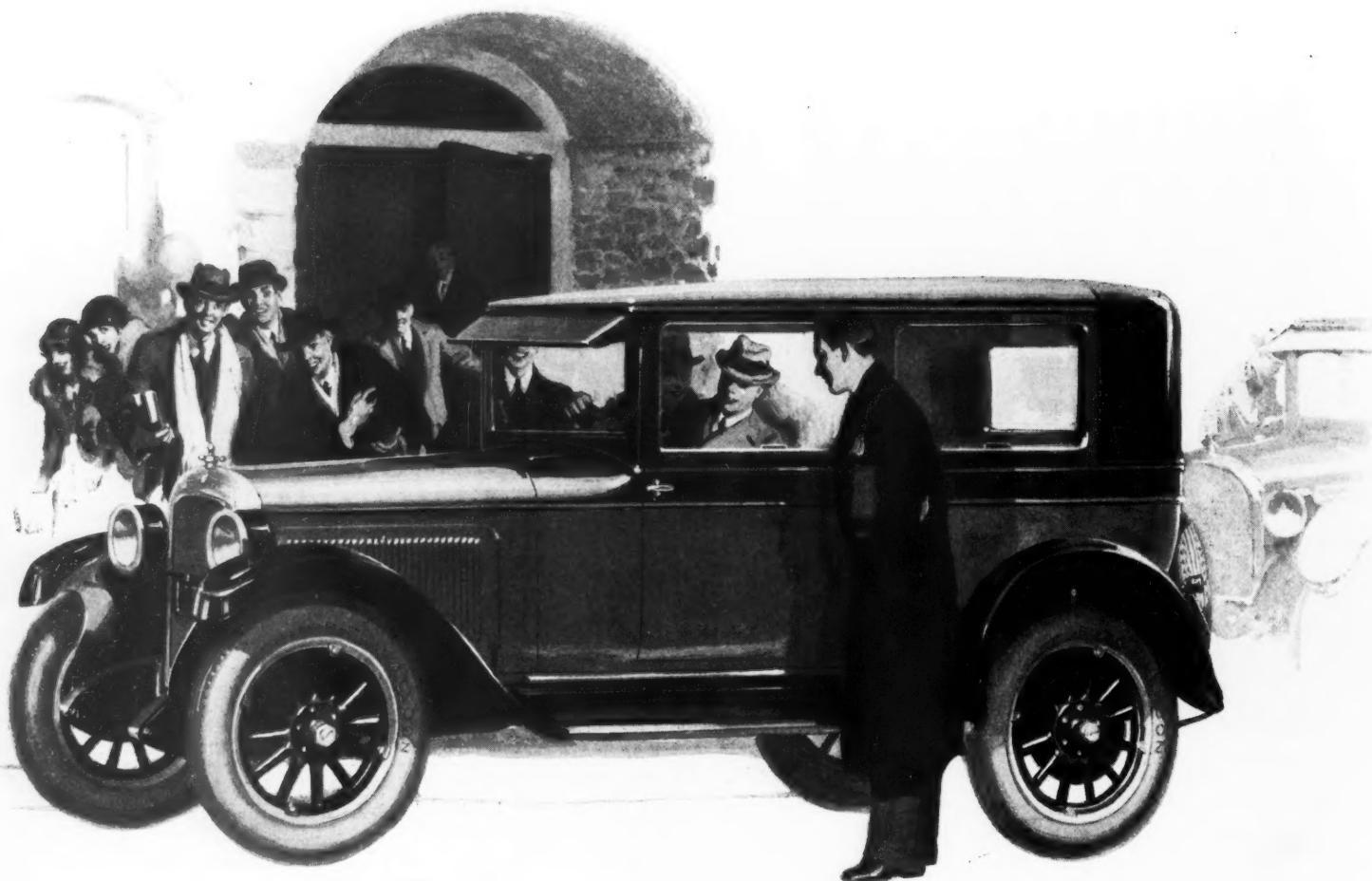
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